

THE
PRINCESS
OF
CLEVES.

The most famed
ROMANCE.

Written in *French* by the greatest Wits of *France*.

Rendred into *English* by a Person of Quality,
at the Request of some Friends.



L O N D O N,
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THE
PRINCESSE
OF
CLEVE.

GRandeur and Gallantry never appeared in greater splendour in *France*, than in the Declension of the Reign of *Henry* the Second. To the Person and Bravery of this Prince, Nature had added warm inclinations to maintain the amorous Fire she had originally kindled in him: That the passion he had for *Diana* of *Poitiers*, Duchess of *Valentinois*, under which he had labour'd upwards of twenty years, was so far from being able to abate of its violence, it rather seem'd to add Fewel to the Flame.

He had the happiness to excel in all those noble Exercises, he judg'd might merit a place in his Royal thoughts, amongst the number of which he was particularly devoted to
B Hunting,

Hunting, Tennis - Balls, Running at the Ring, and such other generous Divertisements, as might suit with the Honour of his Presence.

Their Appointments were seldom made, but colourably, to give the King an opportunity to recruit the passion the Duchesses beauty had so many years since created in him. She seem'd to parallel, if not exceed, the fair Model of *Madam de la March*, her Daughter, then unmarried, in those Graces Nature had been prodigal of to them both. The Queens presence still seem'd to authorise hers.

This Princess, though she had out-worn her youthful years, her Face yet seem'd to retain the ruins of a Noble Beauty. She was pleased to set a value on State, Magnificence, and her Pleasures; but to such only she allowed the honour of her presence, as might not contribute to any diminution of her greatness. She was married to the King when he was Duke of *Orleans*: The Dauphin, his elder Brother, being then living, and who since dyed at *Tournon*, a Prince whose Birth and Merit had design'd him for the succession of *Francis* the First, his Royal Father.

The ambitious humour of the Queen made him keep a straiter Rein upon the Government.

ment. He thought she would not so far express her resentment of his passion for the Duchess, that the Symptoms of her Jealousie might fall under his notice. She was so well read in the practice of dissimulation, that it was impossible to pierce further into the Cabinet of her heart, than she was pleas'd to allow the Inquisitor. Policy obliged her to interpose the Person of this Duchess, that she might the more easily insinuate her self into that of the King. This Prince was pleased to divert himself in the conversation of Ladies, and not always of those for whom he had a kindness. He was ever ready to wait upon the Queen at the usual hour, they took the *Tour*, which was always honoured with the presence of the greatest and most deserving.

Never was a Court furnish'd with a fairer stock of either Sex. Nature seem'd to have taken pleasure to be most lavish of her greatest Graces to the greatest Persons. The Princess *Elizabeth*, who had the honour to marry with the King of *Spain*, was pleased to expose to the admiration of the Court, that incomparable Beauty, that prov'd afterwards so fatal to her. The Lady *Mary Steward*, Queen of *Scotland*, who being designed to marry the Dauphin, had the honour to wear the Title of the Dauphin-Queen. Nature

had made her fair Model inferior in no part to that of the Princess; she received her Education in *France*, and had taken up an Ambition from her Infancy (that in despite of her green years) she was resolved, not only to love, but understand all such things as might contribute to her improvement. The Queen her Mother-in-law, and the Princess the Kings Sister, were much devoted to Musick and Poetry. The Veneration King *Francis* had for those Sciences, was not yet extinguish'd in *France*: and the King, who affected all Exercises of the Body, made the Court the Theatre he perform'd them in. But that which render'd it so splendid, was the presence of so many great Princes and Persons of Merit. Those I shall presume to name here, were equally its Ornament, and its Admiration.

The King of *Navarre* had ingross'd the greatest Respect, as pretending to the greatest Rank, which, joyn'd to the Merit of his Person, justly allow'd him the Honour of it. He was so great a General, that the Duke of *Guise* had an Ambition to serve under him in the quality of a private Volunteer. 'Tis Truth, the Duke had given so great proofs of his Vallour and Conduct, that there was not a great Captain that could allow his Merit its due Character without Envy. His Courage was bound up with other great Vertues; he

he had a Soul as brave as generous, and a Capacity so great, as if Nature had fitted him *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio*, either for War or Counsel. The Cardinal of *Lorain*, his Brother, brought into the World so insatiable an Ambition with him, he seem'd to have a Design wholly to ingross her to himself. Nature had added to it, for its advantage, a Tongue whose Eloquence was made up of Charms. His Studies and Sedulity had furnisht him with a stupendious stock of Learning, which he was not wanting on all occasions to imploy in the defence of the Church. The Chevalier of *Guise*, afterwards called the Grand Prior, was a Prince, whose Affability and Sweetness had justly purchas'd him the respect of all that had the happiness to know him. The Prince of *Conde* under the small dimension Nature had mold-ed him, by which she testified the little regard she had for his Person, had a Soul as haughty as great; and the briskness of his Wit had amply supply'd Nature's unkind usage; which could not, with all her envy, rob him of the Honour that was due to his Merit and Quality. The Duke of *Nevers*, who had rendered his Age venerable by the Honour of his Actions. These compos'd the nobler part of the glorious Train of the Court: He had three Sons as equally as nobly accomplish'd, the

second was called the Prince of *Cleve*, a Gentleman that truly deserved to support the greatness of his Family, he was as good as great; and he had so large a stock of Prudence and Discretion, such as Nature seldom lodges in green heads. The Viscount of *Chartres*, descended from the illustrious Family of *Vendome* (whose name the Princes of the Blood think no dishonour to wear) presum'd to share in their Gallantry with them: He was inferior, to none either in his Person or his Courage, or any other rich Endowment, that can render a Gentleman truly noble. By which he had purchas'd himself so great an esteem in the Court, that they thought he might deserve the Honour (if any Man might presume to it) of having his Merit thrown into the Ballance with that of the Duke of *Nemours*. This Prince seem'd to have been the chief work of Nature; that which was the least to be admired in him was his Person, than which the World could not produce a nobler. That which lodg'd him above the common Sphere of others, was not only his Courage, which had not it's equal, but the sweet Harmony that was observed in all his other Vertues: they seem'd to have conspired together to render him the Worlds wonder. The sweetness of his Converse made him equally the ambition of both Sexes; and he was pleased

pleased to express that Majesty in all his Exercises, that it still purchased him the admiration of his beholders. The gayety of his Habit had made him the mode of the Court, though all his followers had the Misfortune to fall short of their Pattern. In fine there was that Contexture of worth and Honour in the rich Frame, that wheresoever he came, he had the happiness to ingross to himself the respect of the whole Company. There was not a Lady in the Court, whose coyness would not abate upon his approach; neither was there any could boast her heart proof against his Charms; and as few that could forbear to discover a passion for him, though he had not the inclination to interchange the flame. He had so great a passion for Honour, he thought the greatest toils, the noblest steps to mount up to her. He had his choice of Mistresses, but only a Prophet could Divine which of them had the happy Fate to entertain his heart. He was often observed to make his visits to the *Dauphin-Queen*. The Beauty of this Princess, the Sweetness of her disposition, and the Industry she seemed to use to keep up the Honor and Esteem the Court had for her, joyned with the respect she was pleased to shew this Prince, gave a suspicion to some, that he might as well love, as admire so deserv-

ing a Lady. The Duke of *Guise*, whose Niece she was, had so far advanc'd the Reputation of his Family by the Honour of this Match, that his Ambition prompt him to rival it with the Princes of the Blood, and share in the Power and Authority of the Constable *Montmorency*. The management of great Affairs the King left to the conduct of the Constable; and was pleas'd to treat the Duke of *Guise*, and the Marshal of St. *Andre*, as his Favourites; but as for that Grace and Favour they were to expect from his Royal Bounty, he never granted them with that pleasure and content, as when they came recommended from the Duchess of *Valentinois*; and notwithstanding age had robb'd her of her youth, which should maintain the Charms that first captivated him, she yet retained that absolute Empire over his Heart, she might be still said to be Mistress both of his Royal Person and his Fortune.

The King had so great a kindness for the Constable, that the first moment of his Reign enlarg'd him from that Exile, to which *Francis* the First had condemn'd him. The Court was divided between the Duke of *Guise* and the Constable, who was supported by the Princes of the Blood: Both Parties made it their ambition to purchase an Interest in the Duchess of *Valentinois*. The Duke of *An-*
male,

male, Brother to the Duke of *Guise*, had married one of her Daughters, the Constable seem'd to aspire at the same Alliance. He was not satisfied that his eldest Son had married *Madam Diana*, the Kings Daughter by a Lady of *Piedmont*, who had no sooner disburthen'd her self of that mutual Pledge, between his Majesty and her, but was pleas'd to retire into a Cloyster. This Marriage meets with several difficulties, occasioned by a Promise *Monfieur Montmorency* had made to *Madam de Piennes*, one of her Majesties Maids of Honour. And notwithstanding the King was pleased to carry himself with an indifference between them, the Constable thought himself not sufficiently propt without the favour of the Duchess, whereby he might divide the interest the House of *Guise* seem'd by that Alliance to ingross to its self. Their greatness had already given some disquiet and uneasiness to her ; she endeavour'd to retard the Dauphin's Marriage with the Queen of *Scotland*. The Beauty and discretion of this young Queen, with the advantage this Match must give the Family of *Guise*, she knew not how to relish : She had an inveteracy for the Cardinal of *Lorain*, who had taken the liberty to discourse her in a Dialect she could by no means understand, by which she perceived he had possessed the Queen to her disadvantage.

advantage. By this the Constable discover'd a disposition in her, which gave him an opportunity of making an Alliance by a Marriage of *Madam la March*, her Daughter, with *Monsieur d'Anvile*, his second Son, who succeeded him in his Government under *Charles the 9th*. The Constable hop'd he should not meet the same *Remora* in his second he had unhappily found in his eldest: But alas, he was mistaken: The Duke *d'Anvile* was passionately in love with the Dauphin-Queen; but what hopes he might have, that she would vouchsafe to entertain the Flame, outsoar'd the Constable's apprehension. The Marshal of *St. Andre* was the only Person in the Court that seem'd to lean to neither side: He was a Favourite whose interest seldom regarded any thing above his own advantage. The King lov'd him from the time he was Dauphin; and since he has been pleas'd to make him a Marshal of *France*, in an Age so raw, it could scarce intitle another to the meanest Dignity. The Kings favour gave him a great Lustre, which he was not wanting to improve on all occasions, to endear both his Merit and his Person; which he had the happiness to do, under the advantages of a splendid Table, to which his Majesty was a constant Guest; the richness of his Furniture, and gayety of his Equipage, to the
splendor

splendor whereof his Majesties Royal Bounty was ever contributory. This Prince would passionately espouse the interest of those he loved. And notwithstanding he was not enrich't with the noblest Qualities, he was not yet barren in them all : As he was a great lover of Arms, he was no Novice in them ; Fortune still waited on him with success, and barring the battel of St. *Quintine*, his Reign was no other than a continued series of Victory. By his Personal Courage he shared in the Honour of the Battel of *Renty*, *Piedmont* submitted to his Arms, to which he added the greatest lustre in chasing the *English* out of *France*.

The Emperour *Charles* the 5th. found a declension in his Fortune at the Siege of *Metz*, before which he brought the strength both of the Empire and *Spain* : But the disgrace he received at St. *Quintine* had put so great a stop to his glorious Carreer, he was inforc't to suffer his Rival to share his Fortune with him, and treat a Peace.

The Duchess Dowager of *Lorain*, had made the first Overture at the Dauphins Marriage, since which there has been held a secret Negotiation. In fine, *Cercan* in *Artois* was the place appointed for the Treaty. The Cardinal of *Lorain*, the Constable of *Montmorency*, and the Marshal of St. *Andre*, were Pleni-

Plenipotentiaries for the King; the Duke of *Alva*, and the Prince of *Orange* for *Philip* the Second; the Duke and Duchess of *Orleans* were the Mediators. The principal Articles were, the Marriage of the Princess *Elizabeth* of *France* with *Don Carlos* the Infanta of *Spain*, and his Majesties Sister with the Monsieur of *Savoy*.

The King, during the Treaty, continued upon the Frontiers, where he received the first news of the Death of Queen *Mary* of *England*. His Majesty forthwith dispatht the Earl of *Randan* to Queen *Elizabeth*, to congratulate with her Majesty her Assumption to the Crown; she received him honourably, her affairs were in so ill a posture at that time, she was not a little satisfied, that so great a Prince was pleased to pay his first respects to her. The Court discoursed she was well read in the interest of the Court of *France*, and the merit of those that had the honour to compose it. But for none she seemed to express so great a value, as the Duke of *Nemours*; she was pleased to speak with that Honour of this Prince, that the Ambassadour upon his return, took the Liberty to declare, he thought no Person more valuable in her esteem, than the Duke. And did not question upon his addresses, the Queen might do him the Honour to entertain a Passion for him. The King
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the same Evening communicated it to the Prince, where he commanded the Count *de Randan*, to give him the Relation; to confirm the Duke in the respect the Queen had for him: which he was pleased to conclude with his advice, not to neglect the favourable opportunity that seemed to court him to so much happiness. The Duke received it at first, as a piece of raillery, till his Majesty was pleas'd to undeceive him. *If, Sir, (says the Duke) in obedience to your Majesties commands, and for your service, I shall embark myself upon so extravagant a design, as to presume a Princess (whom I have never yet had the honour to know) should admit me to her Royal Bed, I hope your Majesty will be pleased not to divulge the vanity of the attempt, till the success may justify me to the Publick.* The King was pleas'd to give him his Royal word, that he would depose it in the knowledge of no other Breast, but the Constable's, concluding with the Duke, that *Secresie* might facilitate the design: The Count advised the Duke to take a Journey for *England*, which he refused, and dispatch't Monsieur *Lignerolle*, a sprightly Gentleman, his Favourite, to sound the Queens inclinations, and to endeavour to fix some obligation upon her. In the interim he takes a Journey for *Bruxells*, to give a visit to the Duke of *Savoy*, who was there with the King
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of *Spain*. The death of Queen *Mary* gave several difficulties to the Treaty, which about the end of *November* broke up, and his Majesty return'd to *Paris*.

At last there broke forth a Beauty in the Court which drew all its Eyes upon her, and I cannot without injustice rank her amongst the indifferent, that could purchase such admiration in a place that was so richly stored. She was of the Family of the Viscount *de Chartres*, and one of the greatest Heiresses of *France*. She had the misfortune to bury her Father in her infancy, by which unhappy accident, she was left to the Guardianship of *Madam de Chartres*, her Mother. She was a Lady of those great Accomplishments, that Fortune, Vertue, and Merit seem'd to have conspired to compleat her fair model. After her Husbands death, she had for some years made her recess from Court. During her retirement, she was not wanting to give her Daughter an Education suitable to her Quality, in which she did not so much labour to improve her Person as her better part, which she endeavour'd to embellish with Vertue, which renders a Lady truly noble. The generality of Mothers imagin it sufficient to forbear to discourse of the vanity of Love; left their Children should be invited to stray out of the paths of Vertue. *Madam de Chartres*
was

was of a contrary opinion. She was pleased to paint out love to her Daughter in all its shapes, that she might be the better able to discern that part of her which might be the most dangerous. She informs her of the little Sincerity and Candor there is in Man. Their Devices, their Infidelity, and the Domestick Discontents Marriage often plunges those into, that alter their condition. On the other side she declares the Happiness and Tranquility that attends a Vertuous Wife; and what Luster and Esteem Piety in a person of Birth and Beauty may purchase her. And concludes in acquainting her with the difficulty to preserve it; which cannot be better secured than by a diffidence in our selves, and a serious application to those things that can best contribute to our happiness, which is to love our Husbands, and to merit a return.

This Lady was at that time one of the greatest Matches of *France*; and notwithstanding she was but in her greener years, she wanted not her choice of Proposals. Madam de Chartres, who was an ambitious Lady, scarce thought the noblest worthy her consideration. She having now arrived to the sixteenth year of her Age, she brought her to Court. The first that paid his respects to her, upon her arrival, was the Viscount, who
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was not a little surpris'd, and you cannot blame him, at the Beauty of the fair Lady. The delicacy of her Meen, (in which *York* and *Lancaster* seem'd to have contended which of the two should be the most prodigal of his Charms) was the Subject of his admiration.

The Day following, the young Lady went to a famous *Italian* to purchase a Set of Jewels. This Gentleman came along with the Queen from *Florence* ; and he had rais'd himself to that prodigious wealth by his Industry, that his House appeared rather to be the Palace of a Prince, than the Being of a Merchant. When she was there, in comes the Prince of *Cleve* : He was so transported at the sight of this young Lady, that he could not dissemble his surprise. *Madam de Chartres* could not forbear to answer the Prince's discomposure with a blush ; after she had a little compos'd her self, she pays her civility to the Prince, suitable to the Character she apprehended he might bear. The Prince beheld her with admiration ; but he was not able to judge who this Lady should be, having never had the honour to see her before. He perceived by her Person, and the numerous Retinue that wait'd on her, that she must be of eminent Quality. Her youth perswaded him she might be a Maid, but seeing no Mother

ther with her, and the *Italian* giving her the Title of Madam, he knew not what to think. She seemed to receive his Addresses with a disorder more than usual with young Ladies, who take no small vanity in the impression their Beauty may happily make upon a stranger. The Prince's applications to her, gave her some impatience to retire; which she suddenly did: Monsieur de Cleve was pleas'd, notwithstanding her absence, to solace himself, with the hopes to have the happiness to retrieve her again, when he should know who she was. But upon the question put to the *Italian*, he could receive no satisfaction: He was notwithstanding so strangely captivated with her Beauty, and that Grace and sweetness that attended it, that from that moment he entertained a passion for her that was not ordinary. In the Evening he went to kiss the Hands of his Majesties Sister.

The Princess was a Lady of great value, for the interest she had in the King, which was so powerful with him, that his Majesty, upon the Peace, was pleased to restore *Piedmont* to the Duke of *Savoy* for her sake. And notwithstanding she had a disposition to marry, yet her Ambition would never stoop to any thing below a Sovereign; which was the reason she refused the King of *Navarre*, when he was Duke of *Vendome*. The Inter-
C view,

view, at *Nice*, between *Francis* the first, and *Paul* the third, gave birth to her inclinations for the *Savoyard*; she was a person of great Ingenuity, and a great Judge of the Ingenious; so that her Apartment was the Theatre of the Virtuoso's; and the Court was pleased to spend some hours there for its Divertisement.

The Prince of *Cleve* was of the number of the Visitants: He was so swell'd with the admiration of young *Madam de Chartres*, that he could discourse upon no other Subject. He made a publick Narrative of his adventure, and could not forbear to be lavish of his praises of the Lady (though *incognita*.) *Madam*——was pleased to tell him, that she believed there was no such Creature in being; for if there were she must needs be known. *Madam Dampier*, one of the Princesses Ladies of Honour, and an Intimate of *Madam de Chartres*, took the liberty to whisper her Highness in the Ear, that it might be young *Madam de Chartres*, whom the Prince had seen: *Madam*——turning to the Prince, told him, if he would afford her his Company the day following, she would endeavour to give him a sight of the fair Lady he seem'd to have so great a passion for. The next day the young Lady came; she had so obliging a reception from both Queens, that it sufficiently

ently demonstrated the value they had for her; neither were there wanting to attend it, both the admiration, and the praise of the whole Court: She received their Grace and Favour with so sweet a modesty, 'twas hard to distinguish whether she seem'd to take notice of them or value them most. This young Lady was pleased to put herself amongst Madam's Train. The Princess, after she had given a fair Character of her person, could not forbear to acquaint her with the impressions it had made upon the Prince of Cleve; she had no sooner concluded, but enters the Prince. *Come hither (says Madam) behold I have made good my word to you, and satisfy me, if in presenting Madam de Chartres to you, I have not given you a sight of the fair Lady you are in quest of; I expect your thanks for shewing you a Lesson by which you may learn the more to admire it.*

The Prince was overjoyed when he found the Lady, for whom he had so great a passion, was of a Quality adequate with her Person. He made his Addresses to her, and humbly begg'd she would vouchsafe to remember he was the first that laid his Heart at her Feet, and before he had the happiness to be known to her, he had an honour and respect for her suitable to her merit.

The Chevalier of Guise, and the Prince,

two blossome Friends, took their leave of Madam together. They were no sooner out but they began a-fresh to lance forth into the admiration of this fair Lady. At last, having wasted their stock of praise, they were forc'd to take up. The whole day following they gave themselves the loose Rein again: This fresh beauty continued a long subject for the Courts discourse. The Queen was pleased to ranck her self amongst the number of her admirers, which she sufficiently evidenc'd by the kindness she was pleased to shew her.

The *Dauphin*-Queen made her her Favourite, laying her Commands upon Madam *de Chartres*, her Mother, that she should often make her visits to her: And the Princesses, the Kings Daughters, to declare the Honour they had for her, there was not any Diverstisement they thought worthy their Royal presence, in which they made her not a sharer. In fine, she had purchas'd all the Hearts of the Court, except that of Madam the *Valentinois*: not that this young Lady gave her any Jealousie, too long an Experience had confirmed her, that she was not to be supplanted. She had so great an inveteracy against the Viscount *de Chartres*, that she wisht she could intail it upon him by a Marriage with one of her Daughters. She had already possesst the Queen, that she could not look kindly upon

upon a person that bore his Name, nor any for whom he had a kindness.

The Prince became a passionate admirer of *Madam de Chartres*, and pursued his suite with all the Zeal imaginable; but he fear'd the haughtiness of *Madam de Chartres*, her Mother, would never dispense with her Daughters marriage with a Gentleman that was not the head of his Family. This House was yet so noble, that the Count *d'Eu*, who was its Capital, had the honour to marry with a Lady that was nearly related to the Blood Royal. So that this seem'd rather the timidity of Love, than any just subject for his Jealousie: He had several Rivals: The *Chevalier de Guise*, whose Birth, Merit, and the Luster the Royal Favour gave him, rendered him the most considerable. This Princes heart became her Prisoner also at the first sight. These two had discovered each others passion. The distance pretensions of this nature create in Rivals, had interrupted their usual Conversation: Their friendship began to grow chill, and they had scarce the power to disguise their several Resentments: The happiness the Prince of *Cleve* had to be her first admirer, appeared to be no ill presage; it seem'd to give him some advantage over the rest: The Duke was strongly leagued with the *Duchess of Valentinois*; she was a mortla

Enemy to the Viscount, and this was a sufficient reason to divert the Duke of *Nevers* consent to the marriage of his Son with a Niece of his.

Madam *de Chartres*, who had applyed herself with so much zeal to infuse Virtue into her Daughter, was not wanting to contrive it here, where it was so necessary, and where there were so many dangerous examples. Ambition and Gallantry were the soul of this Court; they had equally diffused themselves amongst both Sexes. There were so many several Interests, and different Cabals, in which the Women bore a part, that Affairs seem'd to mix with Love, and Love with business. No man must be impartial or indifferent: Their thoughts were either taken up how to rise, to please, to serve, or to offend: They knew not what it was to be dull or lazy: They were either diverted with Pleasures or Intrigues: The Ladies studied how they might rivet themselves into the favour of the Queen, the Dauphin Queen, the Queen of *Navarre*, Madam the Kings Sister, or the Duchefs of *Valentinois*; their Inclinations, their Deportment, and their Humours made their Applications different. Those, who had taken leave of their youth, to embrace an austerer retirement, made their addresles to her Majesty; those that had not yet

yet divested themselves of their airy sprightfulness, to the Dauphin-Queen. The Queen of *Navarre* wanted not her Favourites also, she was young, and had a power over the King her Husband, whose interest was embark'd in the same bottom with the Constables, which gave him a Vogue. The beauty of Madam, the Kings Sister, was a Loadstone that had not lost its virtue; she attracted also on her side her number of Admirers. The Duchess of *Valentinois* received none both those she thought worthy her regard; few were welcome to her, and only such, with whom she could converse with freedom and confidence, and who sympathized with her humour; she took a vanity to see her Court could in its Luster rival with the Queens: The different Cabals, had their several emulations and envy; neither were the Ladies that composed them exempted from their jealousies either for their Love or Favour. The interest of greatness, and the ambition to rise, sometimes vouchsafed to interfere with concerns of little importance. There were some motions in this Court without disorder, which rendered it graceful, though dangerous to youth. Madam de *Chartres* was sensible of the peril, and made it her care to find out an expedient to divert her Daughter from it. She desired her, not

as a Mother, but a Friend, that she would impart to her all the little Gallantries she could meet withal, promising her in return to afford her her conduct to carry her through all those difficulties which imbarrafs youth.

The Chevalier of *Gnise* had so far divulged his affection for this Lady, that none could pretend to be ignorant of it; but he finds the way to compass her was not so even, but there were some Rubs he might unlickily stumble at: He was sensible that the narrowness of his Fortune, which was not able to support the honour of his quality, could not render him so agreeable to this Lady, as the Persons that were considerable; and he was farther conscious to himself, that his Friends would never consent to this Match, when they considered, that the marriage of younger Brothers must needs debate great Families. The Cardinal of *Lorain* soon took an occasion to undeceive him; he was pleased to express his resentment, and that with no little heat neither: He would rather have been consented to any other allyance than that with the Viscount; and he did so far publish his antipathy against it, that *Madam de Chartres* was sensibly offended at it. She made it her care to convince the Cardinal that it was not her intention. The Viscount followed her example, but seemed more to resent the Cardinals

dinals carriage, being sensible of the cause.

The Prince of *Cleve* was not backward to make known his passion to the World, as well as the Chevalier *de Guise* had done before him. The Duke of *Nevers* received the news of this address, not without some tokens that discovered how unwelcome it was to him. He thought to remind his Son but of his error, would oblige him to alter his inclination; but he was mistaken, his Son had fixt so strong a resolution upon this Match, no admonitions could make any impression on him: He condemns the design, and was so far transported with passion at it, that his disorder at last reach'd the knowledge of the Court, and amongst the rest that of Madam *de Chartres*; she doubted not but that the Duke of *Nevers* would not think this Marriage sufficiently advantageous for his Son; but on the other side she could not forbear to wonder that the Houses of *Cleve* and *Guise* should rather seem to fear than covet her allyance. The indignation she conceived at this affront, put her upon a resolution to find out a person that might exalt her Daughter above those that thought her so much below them. After she had consulted her thoughts, she fixes upon the Prince Dauphin, Son to the Duke of *Montpensier*. This was a Gentleman that held one of the primest Ranks in the Court. Ma-
dam

dam *de Chartres* was a Lady of parts ; she was assisted by the Viscount, who was a person of great abilities, and her Daughter a Lady considerable. She managed her design with that dexterity and success, and Monsieur had so far embrac'd the motion, she seem'd almost to have surmounted all its difficulties.

The Viscount, knowing the power the Dauphin Queen had over Monsieur *de Anville*, thought it not amiss to imploy the interest of that Princess to engage him to serve *Mademoiselle d' Chartres*, both with his Majesty and the Prince of *Montpensier*, whose intimate friend he was. Madam *de Chartres* imparts it to her Majesty ; she was pleased to receive it with a great deal of content and satisfaction, when she understood it would contribute towards the advancement of a person she had so great a kindness for. She assured the Viscount, that notwithstanding she was sensible it might disoblige the Cardinal her Uncle, she was yet resolved to make good her Royal Promise. Upon this just provocation, that she observed, the Cardinal seem'd daily to be more inclinable to the interest of the Queen than hers.

Persons, that are truly honourable, think themselves happy in any opportunity that can enable them to serve their Friends. The Viscount had no sooner taken his leave, but she

she immediately dispatches Monsieur *Castelart*, a Favourite of Monsieur *de Anvile*, and who was privy to the passion he had for her, to signify to him, that she expected him that night at Court. *Castelart* received her commands with joy and respect. This Gentleman was of a good Family in the *Dauphin*; but had a Soul and Spirit too great for his Birth: He was well received by all the *Grandeess* of the Court; and the intimacy that was between the Families of *Montmorency* and *de Anvile*, had its Birth from him. He was a person well accomplish'd, and graceful in his Actions: In Musick and Poetry he did not the least excel: He had a humour so sweet and debonaire, and it had so far indeared him in the esteem of Monsieur *de Anvile*, that he made him the Confident of his Amours, between the *Dauphin-Queen* and him. This Confidence recommended him to this Princess; and here it was, by his often visits, that she took up that unfortunate passion for him, that in the end robb'd her both of her reason and her life.

Monsieur *de Anvile* failed not to obey her Majesties Commands; he thought himself happy that Madam *le Dauphin* had vouchsafed to impose the thing upon him he so much coveted. He gave her Majesty his word to serve her in it. Madam *de Valentinois*,
having

having discovered the design, was not wanting to throw all the Rubs imaginable in the way. She had so prepossessed the King, that when Monsieur de Anville came to speak to him in it, he was pleased to let him understand how little he approved of it. He commands him to signifie as much to the Prince of Montpensier. You may easily judge how poor Madam de Chartres resented this sudden Rupture, whose unfortunate success gave so great an advantage to her Eneinies, and so much prejudice to her Daughter.

The Dauphin Queen was pleased to declare to Madam de Chartres the discontent she had that she could not serve her. *You see Madam, (says the Queen) that my Interest is but small. I stand upon so ill terms with the Queen and Madam Valentinois, that it is no wonder that either they or their Dependents endeavour to disappoint all my desires. I have made it my indeavours to please them: 'Tis true, they hate me not for my own sake, but my Mothers; she has formerly given them some jealousy and disquiet: The King had his passions before he fixt them on the Duchess of Valentinois; and in the first years of his Marriage, when he had no Issue, and notwithstanding he loved the Duchess, he was almost resolved to be divorc'd from the Queen, to make room for the Queen my Mother. Madam de Valentinois, who*
was

was jealous of a Lady whom he had formerly loved, whose Wit and Beauty were able to lessen her favour, joyns her interest with that of the Constable, who never wist it (as well as she) that his Majesty should marry with the Sister of the Duke of Guise. They possess his Majesty deceased with their Sentiments; and notwithstanding that he mortally hated the Duchess of Valentinois, and loved the Queen, yet he laboured with them in the prevention of the Divorce. But to divert all his thoughts of my Mother, they married her into Scotland: They did it as being nearest a Conclusion; by which means they disappointed the King of England, who the most coveted it. This precipitation of theirs had like to have made a Rupture between the two Crowns: Henry the Eighth was unsatisfied that he was disappointed of the Queen my Mother, or some other French Princess they had propounded to him: He has been heard to say, that the Worth and Beauty of this Lady was so firmly riveted in his Royal heart, the fairest of the Sex must despair ever to remove it thence. 'Tis true, the Queen my Mother was a great, but an unfortunate, Beauty; and that which rendered it the more remarkable, was, That the widow of the Duke of Longueville, had been the ambition of three Crowns; but her unhappy Fate had appointed her the meanest Lot. She had
plac'd

plac'd her in a Kingdom where she convers'd with nothing but misery and trouble; They are pleas'd to say that I resemble her, but I fear in nothing but her unhappy destiny; for what good fortune has prepared for me; I have not faith to believe I shall enjoy. *Mademoiselle de Charters* was pleas'd to reply to the Queen, that these sad sentiments were ill grounded, that she must not too long dwell upon them, but that she ought to hope that it would one day answer its appearances.

No man durst farther pursue the thoughts of *Madam de Chartres*, either fearing to incur his Majesties displeasure, or despairing of success in the Affair a Prince of the Blood has miscarried in. The death of the Duke of *Nevers* his Father, which immediately followed, gave him an intire liberty to gratifie his own inclinations; for as soon as he could with modesty dispence with his appearance in publick, he was resolv'd to resign up all his thoughts towards the accomplishment of this Marriage. He thought himself happy that he could make his Proposals, in a season that had given opportunities of discouragement to others, and some assurance to himself. But that which discomposed his Joy, was, that he feared that his Person had not Merit enough to recommend him to her; and he was resolv'd to prefer her happiness before his own.

The

The Chevalier of *Guise* had given him some jealousy; but when he considered that it was rather grounded upon the Merit of that Prince, than any Action of *Mademoiselle de Chartres*, he resolved to endeavour to discover, if he were so happy but to know whether she was pleased to allow the passion he had for her: He had not the happiness to see her but in the Queens Apartment, or some publick place; so that he found it difficult to have the liberty of a free conversation. At last he found out the means; he discovered to her his design, and the passion that obliged him first to take it up. He prest her to let him have the happiness to know her Sentiments of him; assuring her, that those he had for her were of that nature, they would render him eternally miserable, if she was resolved wholly to resign up her obedience to her Mothers Will.

The young Lady had a generous Soul, she was sensibly touch'd with the passion of the Prince of *Cleve*: This acknowledgment added so great a sweetness to her Words and Answers, that it gave him hopes, and he began to flatter himself with the success he so much wisht for.

She gave an account of it to her Mother, *Madam de Chartres* was pleased to tell her, that there was that Grandeur and Worth in
that

that Prince, and he demonstrated that prudence and discretion in all his actions, that in case she had an inclination for him, she should not want her consent. *Mademoiselle de Chartres* answered her Mother, that she was of the number of the admirers of his eminent qualities, that she could marry him with less reluctancy than another, but confest the inclination she had for him was not singular.

The day following the Prince signified his intentions to *Madam de Chartres*, she was pleased to consent, and told him she did not doubt but that she gave her Daughter a Husband that would love her when she bestowed her upon him: the Articles were concluded, the King acquainted, and the Match made publick.

The Prince of *Cleve* thought himself happy, but not content; it troubled him to see that the sentiments of *Mademoiselle de Chartres* were no other than the common returns due to civility and respect: He had not (as it is usual with the enamoured) the vanity to flatter himself, that she might have reserved the more obliging for a better season. He only considers the terms upon which he stands with her, and thinks they may justly dispence with the liberty to discover them, without prejudice to her modesty. Within few days he finds an opportunity to acquaint her with his resentment. *Is it possible* (says the Prince)

!

I may be once so happy as to be yours ; at present I cannot presume to think my self so fortunate ; you are pleased to treat me with a sort of kindness, it neither gives me satisfaction nor content : I cannot discover those convincing passions of impatience, disquiet, or disorder, to confirm a Lover's staggering Faith : You seem to be as insensible of my Love, as you would vouchsafe his, whose Affection's only grounded upon the advantages of your Fortune, not your Person. You will think it some injustice (replies Mademoiselle de Chartres) should I chide you now ; I know not what further proofs you can desire to receive, or me to give, than those I have already done. Methinks you should believe as well as I, my modesty ought to allow no greater. I own it (says the Prince) that you are pleased to give me some little Symptoms with which I could rest satisfied, would greater but ensue ; But in lieu of those, you are pleased to interpose a coyneſs, which prompts you to this cruelty : I have not the happiness to make any impression, either upon your Inclination or your Heart ; and my Company seems to be indifferently divided between your trouble and content. You ought not to question it, (replies Mademoiselle de Chartres) those often blushes I cannot hide from you, ought to be a sufficient Evidence of the value I have set upon it. As for your blushes, Madam, (says the Prince) they surprise me
D not,

not, they are but modesties bashful discoverers, not the hearts ; but I assure you, I shall presume to take no other advantage by them than what I justly may.

The young Lady was non-plust, she understood not the distinctions the Prince had made. Monsieur *de Cleve*, on the other side, perceived too well how far she was estranged from any sentiment to his satisfaction. His passion was so unhappy, it could make no alteration in her.

The Chevalier of *Guise* return'd from a Journey some few days before the Wedding ; he, having been made sensible of those insuperable difficulties that attended his design upon *Mademoiselle de Chartres*, resolved to flatter himself no longer with the vanity of any success in it ; yet at the same time he could not forbear to be sensibly toucht to see her in another's Arms. His regret was so far from extinguishing his passion, it rather enflamed it more. *Mademoiselle de Chartres* was not ignorant of the respect this Prince had for her ; he could not forbear at his return to let her know she was the unhappy subject of his torment, though he knew she was a person of that worth and honour, she could not consent to make him miserable without some pity for him, which he believed she could scarce avoid, though he was conscious to
him-

himself, her compassion could prompt him no other thoughts, but that he was so. She could not conceal from Madam *de Chartres* her Mother, the trouble this Prince's passion gave her: Madam *de Chartres* admired (and that justly too) the vertue of her Daughter, for never Lady had either a greater or a more natural; but her admiration did not exceed her wonder, that the passion of the Prince of *Cleve* could make no deeper an impression in her, than others seem'd to do. This made Madam *de Chartres* the more zealous to endear her Husband to her, that she might make her sensible what returns she ought to make the affection he had for her, even when he knew her not; and to the passion he had since declared, in preferring her before the whole number of her Sex, and that when no other durst harbour a thought for her.

This Marriage was solemnized at the *Louvre*; at night his Majesty and the two Queens, attended with the whole Court, were pleased to take a Treat from Madam *de Chartres*. I need not tell you, its splendor and magnificence was proportioned to the honour of their Royal Guests. The Chevalier of *Guise* durst as little venture to distinguish himself from the rest, as not to afford his assistance at the Ceremony. But, alas, he could so little disguise his trouble and disorder,

der, it fell under the notice of all the Company.

Monsieur *de Cleve* discovered, that *Mademoiselle de Chartres* had not changed her humour with her name. He was sensible the quality of a Husband had given him the greater privilege, but not the greater place in his Ladies heart. This obliged him (though a Husband) to treat her as a Servant, for he still seem'd to wish for something beyond the bare enjoyment of her: And though he seem'd to live perfectly contented, yet he could not think himself intirely happy with her. The passion he had for her was so violent and troublesome, it disturbed his joy; though he was yet happy in this, that his jealousy had no share in his disquiet. Never was Husband so far from taking, nor Wife so far from giving it. Notwithstanding she visited the Courts of both the Queens, and that of Madam: where, and at her Brother-in-law's, the Duke of *Nevers*, whose House was the general Rendezvous, she was exposed to the admiration of all the brisk and noble Youth of the Town: She had a Meen that created her so great a respect, and which seem'd so much a stranger to all manner of Courtship, that the Marshal of *St. Andre*, who had a passion for her, (notwithstanding he was the most confident, and indeed the best

best propt with his Majesties Grace and Favour) durst not presume to shew it farther than by his services. Many others lay under the same unhappiness; for Madam de Chartres had added to her Daughters discretion, so exact a conduct in all her Actions and Deportment, that she convinc'd the Court, that that young Lady had a Soul so vertuous, it would allow of no ill tincture.

The Duchess of *Lorain*, as she was pleased to imploy her interest for the conclusion of this peace, she was not wanting to contribute her endeavours for the advantage of her Son. There was a Marriage concluded between him and Madam *Claude*, the Kings second Daughter, and the Month of *February* appointed for the Nuptials.

In the interim the Duke of *Nemours* stays at *Bruxells*, wholly taken up with his great design for *England*, Dispatches, and Couriers pass and re-pass daily; his hopes begin more and more to swell upon him. In fine, Monsieur *Lignerolles* advises him, it was now time that his presence should endeavour to accomplish the thing he had so happily begun: He received the news with all the joy a young ambitious Soul was capable of, that saw himself so nigh being handed up into a Throne upon his single Merit. His Heart was so immoveably fixt upon the Grandeur

of this Fortune, that he would not as much as vouchsafe to allow a thought towards the difficulties that might interpolate between it and him.

He sends immediately to *Paris* his necessary Orders for a splendid Equipage, that he might appear in the Court of *England* in luster suitable to the greatness of his design. Not long after he follows himself, that he might have the honour to be present at the Wedding of the Duke of *Lorain*.

He came the day before, and as soon as he arrived, he went to pay his respects to the King, to give him an account of this Affair, and receive his Majesties order and commands how to govern himself in it; he went also to wait upon her Majesty; Madam *Cleve* not being there, she had not the happiness either to see him or to know of his arrival. Report (which had been in every persons mouth, so lavish of his praises, as of one who was the mirror of the Court, both in his merit and his person) had amongst the rest reacht her Ear. Madam, the Dauphin, had spoken of him at that rate, and so often to her, she had enflamed the Princess of *Cleve's* curiosity, even to a degree of impatience to have the honour to see him.

She imployed the Wedding-day in dressing her self to her advantage, that she might appear

pear with the greater Luster at the Royal Ball and Banquet that was to be made that Night at the *Louvre* : When she came in, the Company paid their usual admiration to her person and her habit ; the Ball began, and as she was dancing with Monsieur *de Guise*, there was a noise heard at the Door which seem'd to make room for the entrance of some great person. Madam *de Cleve* was just disengaged from the Duke of *Guise*, and was casting her Eye about the noble Company, where to single out one to supply his place, when the King was pleased to oblige her to take him that came in last ; she turned upon him, and beheld his person, which at first sight she knew to be Monsieur *de Nemours* ; he was forc'd to walk over some Chairs before he came to her. This Prince was cast in so fair a Mold, that 'twas impossible not to be surpris'd with it at the first sight : The industry he had us'd to set himself forth, very much contributed to the gracefulness of his person ; and 'twas as hard to look on Madam *de Cleve* without an equal admiration.

Monsieur *de Nemours* was so strangely captivated with her Beauty, that upon his approaches to her, and the return she paid the respects he gave her, he could not forbear to shew some tokens of his admiration ; a soft murmur of praises stole through the whole

Company ; the King and the two Queens were all surpris'd, and their wonder was not small, to see two persons dance with that grace and franckness together, and yet were strangers to each other. They had no sooner done, but they were called ; where they were pleas'd to ask them if they had not a reciprocal ambition to know each other. *Madam, for my part* (says the Duke of Nemours) *I am satisfied ; but if Madam de Cleve finds not these fair Marks about me, as I have discovered in her, to know her by, I beseech your Majesty to do me the honour to inform her. I believe* (says Madam le Dauphin) *you can divine as well as he. I assure you Madam* (replies Madam de Cleve) *who seem'd to be a little disorder'd, I am not so good a Prophet as you are pleas'd to think me. You guess well* (says Madam la Dauphin) *you have certainly some regard more than ordinary for the Prince, that you are not pleas'd to acknowledge that you can guess as well at him as he has done at you.* The Queen was pleas'd to interrupt their discourse for the advantage of the Ball ; Monsieur de Nemours took out the Dauphin-Queen ; this Princess was a perfect Beauty, and such she did appear in the Prince's Eye before his Journey into *Flanders*, yet for all this he could not but allow the whole night to the admiration of this Lady.

The

The Chevalier of *Guise* that did yet adore her, sat at her Feet; there was not the least thing past there which gave him not some disquiet: He look'd upon it as ominous, that Fortune should destine Monsieur *de Nemours* to have a passion for Madam *de Cleve*, he could scarce disguise his regret from being discovered in his looks, and was as little able to restrain his jealousy from reflections upon her Honour. He thought she might be sensibly toucht with the merit of this Prince; and he could not forbear to let her know, that Monsieur *de Nemours* was a happy man, that could recommend himself to her knowledge by an adventure, which, with so much gracefulness and gallantry, had initiated him into her acquaintance.

Madam *de Cleve* returns home swell'd with the entertainment she had received at Court; and, notwithstanding 'twas late, she took the liberty to disturb her Mother, to give her the Relation of it. She was pleased to speak of Monsieur *de Nemours* with a Countenance, that gave Madam *de Chartres* the same jealousy the Chevalier *de Guise* had entertain'd before.

The day following the Ceremony of the Nuptials was performed. There she saw him with those advantages of Person and Gallantry, that they added to her former surprise.

The

The day after she saw him at the Dauphin-Queens, she saw him play a set at Tennis with the King, she saw him run at the Ring, and she heard him discourse ; but she observed that he so far surpass'd all the rest, that he ingross'd the whole Company to himself, by the gracefulness of his person and the briskness of his wit ; this in a short time made no small impression in her.

'Tis certain that Monsieur *Nemours* had an inclination for her equally violent with hers, which gave him that sweetness and delight that inspire desires to oblige. He endeavour'd to render himself more lovely and amiable than he was used to do ; insomuch, that by often interviews they did discover something in each other that was the most accomplish'd in the Court, so that it was hard if they should not delight infinitely in each other.

The Duchess of *Valentineis* was the ambition of all parties ; and the King had as great a care and fondness of her, as in the infancy of his passion : Madam *de Cleve*, that was in an Age which thinks Women no longer amiable than under the years of five and twenty, was not a little surpris'd at the kindness his Majesty was still pleas'd to have for the Duchess, who was a Grand-mother, and now designing the Marriage of her youngest Daughter : Madam *de Cleve* did often discourse

course with her Mother of this Subject.
'How is it possible, (says she) Madam, that
'his Majesty should yet retain a passion for the
'Duchess; 'tis strange that he should fix his
'Heart upon a Lady superior to him in years,
'who has been the Mistress of his Father,
'and, (if we may presume to credit report)
'of others too. 'Tis true, (replies Madam de
'Chartres) 'twas neither the Merit, nor yet
'the Constancy of Madam de Valentinois, that
'gave birth to his Majesties passion, nor yet
'conserves it; and 'tis in this his Majesty is
'the less excusable; for had this Lady had
'Beauty, or Youth, suitable to her Birth, or
'had she had so much worth as to have loved
'no other, or that her love to his Majesty
'had kept within the limits of Fidelity, or her
'Affection had had no other regard than his
'Royal Person, abstracted from the interest of
'Grandeur and Fortune, and without employ-
'ing that power but for things that were just
'and honourable for the King, 'tis confest a per-
'son could not (without some injustice) have
'blamed the passion of this Prince. If I did
'believe I should not lye under the unhappy
'censure Women of my years undeservedly
'do, which take pleasure to relate the passa-
'ges of the Age they dwell in. I would give
'you the Relation of their Amours, and sever-
'al other intrigues of the Court of the de-
'ceased

‘ceased King, which do not a little sym-
‘thize with those practicable at present. I
‘am far from those reflections (replyed Ma-
‘dam *de Cleve*) that I am sorry, Madam,
‘that you have not been pleased to instruct
‘me in the present, and that you have not
‘learnt me the distinct Interests and Cabals
‘of the Court. I am so ill read in them,
‘that I believed there was not a day where-
‘in the Constable was not in her Majesties
‘Favour. Your Opinion is infinitely remote
‘from the truth of it, (answers Madam *de*
‘*Chartres*) the Queen has a perfect Hatred for
‘the Constable, and if ever she has a power, he
‘will be sure both to know and feel it. She
‘is sensible that he has often informed the
‘King, that of all his Children, none re-
‘semble him more than his natural ones. I
‘never suspected a misunderstanding here
‘(replies Madam *de Cleve*) after I had been
‘an Eye-witness of the care her Majesty took
‘to solace him in his Confinement; the joy
‘she was pleased to express at his enlarge-
‘ment; and especially after she had treated
‘him in the familiar phrase of Gossip with
‘the King. If you shall measure (says Ma-
‘dam *de Chartres*) things by their appearan-
‘ces, you will often lye under a mistake;
‘you must know, that Hearts and Tongues
‘keep here no correspondence together.

Give

‘ Give me leave to assume my story of the
‘ Duchess (says *Madam de Chartres*) and
‘ proceed; You must understand that she is
‘ called, *The Diana of Poitiers*; her Family
‘ is noble; she is descended from the ancient
‘ Dukes of *Aquitain*; her Grandfather
‘ was the Natural Son of *Lewis* the
‘ Eleventh; in fine, her whole composition
‘ is made up of greatness; her Father had
‘ unfortunately engaged in the quarrel of the
‘ Constable of *Bourbon*, of which you have
‘ so often heard; he was condemned to lose
‘ his Head, and in order to it was conducted
‘ to the Scaffold; his Daughter, who had
‘ a charming Beauty, and which had already
‘ kindled a Flame in the Kings Breast,
‘ interposed her interest, and obtained his
‘ pardon. ’Twas brought him in the fatal
‘ moment he expected the bloody stroke;
‘ the fear and terror he lay under had so far
‘ disordered his thoughts, he was not sensible
‘ of his Majesties Grace and favour, so
‘ that the day following put a period to his
‘ life. His Daughter appeared at Court as
‘ the Kings Mistress: the Expedition for *Italy*,
‘ and the Kings Imprisonment, gave some diversion
‘ to this passion. After his Majesties
‘ return from *Spain*, and that Madam the
‘ Queen Regent went to meet him at *Bayonne*,
‘ she took all her Daughters with her, amongst
‘ which

' which number was *Mademoiselle de Pisse-*
 ' *len*, afterwards *Duchess of d' Estampes*.
 ' The King saw her, and became her prize;
 ' she was much inferiour, both in her Qua-
 ' lity, Wit, and Beauty, to *Madam de Valen-*
 ' *nois*, and she had nothing but her youth to
 ' recommend her to his Majesties favour: I
 ' have often heard her say, that she was born
 ' the same Day the *Diana of Poitiers* was
 ' married; but her mallice, not the truth,
 ' obliged her to speak it: For, if I am not
 ' mistaken, the *Duchess of Valentinois* mar-
 ' ried *Monsieur de Breze*, Grand-President of
 ' *Normandy*, at the same time the King had
 ' first a passion for *Madam d' Estampes*. There
 ' was never a greater picque in Nature than
 ' between these two Ladies: The *Duchess of*
 ' *Valentinois* could not in her heart pardon
 ' *Madam de Estampes*, notwithstanding she
 ' had divested her of the Title of *The Kings*
 ' *Mistress*. *Madam de Estampes* had an inve-
 ' teracy against the *Duchess*, because the
 ' King still kept her company. This Prince
 ' was not always constant to his Mistresses;
 ' there was one, 'tis true, which wore the
 ' Title and the Honour of it, but the Ladies
 ' of the lesser Faction, as they stile them,
 ' had the happiness sometimes to take their
 ' turns in his favour. The death of the
 ' Dauphin, who dyed at *Tournon*, and not
 ' with-

without a suspicion of poyson, gave him no small Disquiet: He had not that tenderness and affection for his second Son, our present King: He discovered not in him those inclinations to vigour and courage: He was pleased to complain to Madam *Valentinois*, and told her, he would endeavour to create a passion in him for her, that she might infuse into him something more noble and generous. It had the success, you see, 'tis upwards of twenty years this passion had its Birth, and yet has stood the shock of all difficulties and alterations.

His deceased Majesty endeavour'd to oppose it in its infancy, and notwithstanding he had a kindness for the Duchess, either prompted by his jealousy, or Madam *de Estampes* (who was now upon the point of despair, seeing her Enemy in the Dauphin's Arms) was pleased to look upon this passion with some indignation; of which he was not wanting to give his symptoms; his Son neither regarded his Anger nor his Hatred; nothing could oblige him either to lessen the value he had for her, nor yet hide it: At last his Majesty was forc'd to connive; the Dauphin's stubbornness much abated of his Royal favour, which he conferred in a greater measure upon the Duke of *Orleans*, his third Son: He was a Prince

'on whom Nature had been lavish of her
 'Grace; but he was swelled with so much
 'heat and ambition, and of a spirit so fierce,
 'that it wanted a Curb. He had been a
 'Prince of great worth and honour, had his
 'Age been so kind as to have ripened his
 'understanding.

'The quality the Dauphin held, and the fa-
 'vour the King was pleased to shew the Duke
 'of *Orleans*, had created so great an envy
 'between them, it almost amounted to a de-
 'gree of hatred: It took its being from their
 'infancy, and has continued to this day. The
 'Emperour, when he came through *France*,
 'gave the precedence to the Duke of *Orle-*
 '*ans*, which so much incensed the Dauphin
 'that he would have obliged the Constable
 'to arrest him without his Majesties Com-
 'mand. The Constable durst not obey; the
 'King blamed him that he took not his Sons
 'advice, and when he bannisht him the
 Court, his reasons for it wanted not their dif-
 'ferent Interpreters.

The difference between these two Bro-
 'thers gave fresh thoughts to the Duchess
 'de *Estampes*, to endeavour to prop her self
 'with the interest of the Duke of *Orleans*
 'against the Duchess: It had its success:
 'This Prince, without having the least pas-
 'sion for her, did as zealously espouse her
 'quarrel

‘ quarrel, as the Dauphin had done the Du-
 ‘ ches. This created two Cabals in the
 ‘ Court, such as you may easily imagine.
 ‘ These Intrigues were not limited within the
 ‘ management of the weaker Sex.

‘ The Emperour who had a great respect
 ‘ for the Duke of *Orleans*, had often offer’d
 ‘ him the Duchy of *Millan*; and in the Arti-
 ‘ cles of the Peace that was afterwards con-
 ‘ cluded, he gave him the hopes of the se-
 ‘ venteen Provinces, and his Daughter in
 ‘ marriage with them: The Dauphin neither
 ‘ inclined to the Match nor it; he employ’d
 ‘ the Constable, whom he ever lov’d, to
 ‘ make the King sensible of what importance
 ‘ it would be, to leave his Successor a Brother
 ‘ so powerful as the Duke of *Orleans* must be
 ‘ with the advantage of the Imperial Ally-
 ‘ ance and these Countries. The Constable
 ‘ yielded more easily to the Dauphins design,
 ‘ in that it was opposite to that of Madam
 ‘ *d’Estampes*, who was his declared Enemy,
 ‘ and who so passionately desired the Dukes
 ‘ advancement.

‘ The Dauphin at that time commanded
 ‘ his Majesties Army in *Champagne*, and
 ‘ had reduc’d that of the Empire to those ex-
 ‘ tremities, he had certainly ruin’d it, if the
 ‘ Duchess *d’Estampes* (fearing these great ad-
 ‘ vantages might retard the Peace and the ho-
 ‘ nour

‘nour of the Dukes Allyance with the Em-
 ‘perour) had not advis’d the Enemy to sur-
 ‘prise *Espernay*, and the Castle of *Rierry*,
 ‘which was their Magazine; they attempt-
 ‘ed it, and succeeded, by which means they
 ‘preserved the Army.

‘This Duchess did not long enjoy the suc-
 ‘cess of her Treason: Immediately after dy-
 ‘ed the Duke of *Orleans* at *Farmoutiers* of a
 ‘contagious disease. He was enamoured
 ‘with one of the greatest Beauties of the
 ‘Court, who was pleased to entertain the
 ‘flame. I shall forbear to name her, for she
 ‘has since lived under so close a retirement,
 ‘and has with so much prudence disguised
 ‘the passion she had for him, we ought in
 ‘justice to be tender of her honour. The
 ‘death of her Husband and the Duke bore
 ‘even date together, which gave her the free-
 ‘dom to shew those open marks of her grief
 ‘and sorrow, which otherwise she had been
 ‘enforc’d to hide.

‘The King did not long survive the Prince
 ‘his Son, for he dyed within two years after.
 ‘He recommends to the Dauphin the Cardi-
 ‘nal of *Tournon*, and the Admiral d’*Annebault*,
 ‘without the least mention of the Constable,
 ‘whom he had confined to *Chantilly*; not-
 ‘withstanding his Fathers commands, he calls
 ‘him home, and makes him the grand Mini-
 ‘ster of State.

Madam

‘Madam d’*Estampes* was discarded, and re-
 ‘ceived all the ill Treatment she could ex-
 ‘pect from so powerful and inveterate an E-
 ‘nemy. The Duchess of *Valentinois* was
 ‘not satisfied till she had glutted her self with
 ‘her revenge upon this Duchess, and the rest
 ‘who had fallen under her displeasure. Her in-
 ‘terest has been more absolute over the King
 ‘since he came to the Crown, than when he
 ‘was the Dauphin. These twelve years since
 ‘he has reign’d she has been the uncontroula-
 ‘ble Mistress of all his Actions, she has had
 ‘the disposal of all Governments and Affairs,
 ‘she has obliged him to bannish the Cardinal
 ‘of *Tournon*, the Chancellour, and *Villeray* ;
 ‘all that have endeavour’d to eclipse her
 ‘power have perisht in the attempt. The
 ‘Count *de Taix*, Grand Master of the Artil-
 ‘lery, who had no kindness for her, taking
 ‘the liberty to reflect upon her Gallants, and
 ‘particularly the Count *de Brissac*, of whom
 ‘the King had a jealousy, she so subtilly
 ‘plaid her Cards, that he was in disgrace
 ‘and divested of his employ: and what ren-
 ‘ders the thing more strange, she procured
 ‘it for the Count *de Brissac*, who by her means
 ‘had the honour to be since created a Marshal
 ‘of *France*. The Kings jealousy began to
 ‘swell to that degree in him, he could no
 ‘longer endure the rest of it: but that which

‘ in another would have appeared more sharp
‘ and violent, was strangely corrected in him,
‘ by the great respect he had for this Lady ;
‘ In so much that he durst not (if we may
‘ presume to use this saucy Dialect with a
‘ Prince) remove his Rival, but under the
‘ pretence of preferring him to the Govern-
‘ ment of *Piedmont*. He has lived there se-
‘ veral years, and only return’d this last Win-
‘ ter, under a pretext of recruiting the
‘ Troops under his command; and for other
‘ necessary supplies for the Army. The am-
‘ bition to see the Duchess of *Valentinois*,
‘ and the fear of being forgotten, had certain-
‘ ly the greatest share in that Journey. The
‘ King was observed to receive him coldly ;
‘ the Family of *Guise*, who loves her not,
‘ but yet dares not declare the cause, imploy’d
‘ the Viscount, his mortal Enemy, to obstruct
‘ the Grant of what he design’d himself by
‘ his Journey. ’Twas no hard matter to
‘ compass it ; the King hated him, and his
‘ presence gave him no small disquiet ; inso-
‘ much that he was forc’d to return, without
‘ having had the happiness to reap the fruits
‘ of his Voyage , which was only to give
‘ him an opportunity to re-kindle the Flame
‘ his passion had made in the heart of the
‘ Duchess , which he feared his absence
‘ might extinguish: His Majesty wanted no
other

‘other subjects of his jealousy, but they not
‘being known gave him no provocation to
‘complain.

‘I know not, Daughter, (says Madam
‘*de Chartres*) if you may not find that I have
‘instructed you in some things more than
‘you are willing to know. I am so far from
‘complaining, (replies Madam *de Cleve*)
‘that did I not fear to be troublesome to you,
‘I would desire you to enlarge upon several
‘Circumstances which I am ignorant of.

The passion that Monsieur *de Nemours* had
for Madam *de Cleve* was so violent in its O-
riginal, that it seem’d to have robb’d him of
all his content, and the very thoughts of
those he had a kindness for; nay, even such
with whom he convers’d during her absence;
’twas his care to frame excuses to disengage
himself from them; he could not allow
himself the patience to give Ear to their Com-
plaints, nor make returns to their reproaches.
Madam *la Dauphin*, for whom he had inclina-
tions not ordinarily passionate, yet he was
scarce able to confine them within his Breast;
Madam *de Cleve* had made that impressi-
on there. His impatience for *England* began
to cool, he seem’d not to pursue with much
Zeal his necessary dispatches for that Jour-
ney.

He often made his visits to the Dauphin-
E 3 Queen,

Queen, that he might have the happiness to pay his respects to *Madam de Cleve*, who was frequently there; neither was he concern'd at the liberty some took to imagin (what others thought) of the passion he had for that Princess. *Madam de Cleve* was of that value with him, he was resolved rather to hide from her the sentiments of his heart, than expose her honour to the publick. He forbore even to communicate it to the Viscount *de Chartres*, who was his Confident, and to whom his Bosome lay ever open. He used a Conduct so prudent, and which he managed with so much care, that the *Argus's* of the Court could not discover the least symptom of any kindness for this Lady, but in the Chevalier *de Guise*. *Madam de Cleve* her self had continued a stranger to them, had not the inclination she had for that Prince obliged her to keep a close Watch on all his Actions, which at last convinc'd her.

She seem'd not to have the same disposition to make an Overture of this adventure to her Mother, as she had already done by all the rest; she was resolved to lodge it in no other Breast but her own; but alas, she was mistaken; *Madam de Chartres* was as sensible of it as of her love for this Prince; the knowledge of which gave her no small disquiet. She understood the danger this poor young
young

young Lady was exposed unto, by the affection she had for a person of this Prince's Merit: Her jealousy was afterwards unhappily confirmed by a passage which suddenly ensued.

The Marshal of St. *Andre*, who courted all opportunities to make his splend'd Treats, humbly begg'd of his Majesty, that he would with the two Queens do him the honour to take a Collation at his house, which was newly finish'd. 'Twas thought he did it colourably, that Madam *de Cleve* might share in the greatness of this Entertainment, in which no man could possibly be more prodigal or profuse.

Some few days before that which was appointed for the Supper, the Dauphin King, who had not his health, was indisposed and admitted of no visits. The Queen, his Lady, had spent the whole day with him; the Dauphin being better in the Evening, the persons of quality, who came to wait upon him, were introduc'd into his Bed-Chamber. The Queen was pleas'd to withdraw into another Chamber, where she found Madam *de Cleve*, and some other Ladies, with whom she was most familiarly pleas'd to converse.

It being now late, and her Majesty not drest, she went not to wait upon the Queen, but oblig'd them to excuse her; she gives or-

der for her Jewels to be brought to her, that she might give *Madam de Cleve* her choice of them to wear at the Ball the Marshal was to make. In the interim in comes the Prince of *Conde*, his quality gave him a free entrance every where. *You come* (says the Queen to him) *from the King my Husband, pray what news have you there?* They are maintaining, *Madam*, (replies the Prince) a strong Argument against the Duke of *Nemours*, and he defends the Thesis with that heat and obstinacy, as if he himself were the subject of it. I believe he has a Mistress that may be uneasy to him at a Ball, that he thinks is so troublesome a thing to find her there. How, (says the Dauphin-Queen) will *Monsieur de Nemours* be so unkind as to impose upon his Mistress? This Power methinks might better sute with the authority of a Husband, than the obsequiousness of a Servant. *Monsieur de Nemours* (answers the Prince) finds by experience, that they are the most insupportable things in Nature to a poor Lover; for if he be so happy that his Mistress has a passion for him, he must be sure to stand the Test and Tryal of her frowns for several days together. He says there's not a Lady of them all but will be so diverted with the vanity of the Habit she must appear in; she cannot be at leisure as much as to allow a thought towards him: And

con-

concludes the folly epidemical: Nay he does not rest here; he is sensible that when they are at these Balls, they have no other thoughts but to please in general: and if once they begin to set a value on their own Beauties, he fears the Servant has the least share in their admiration of it. He argues yet farther, if it be a mans unhappiness to be neglected, his torment is the greater in one of these Assemblies, where his Mistress takes no notice of them; for the more they are honoured in publick, the more miserable does a man think himself that's slighted by them: They are jealous that their Beauty gives Birth to passions to their prejudice: And affirms there is no greater torment than to see her there.

Madam de Cleve though she had given Ear to what the Prince had said, yet seem'd to take no notice of it. She was sensible what interest she had in the opinion of Monsieur de Nemours; and above all the uneasiness the presence of his Mistress would give him there where he could not be; the King was dispatching him to the Duke of Ferrara.

The Dauphin-Queen could not forbear to smile, as well as the Prince who condemned the Dukes opinion. *There is only one occasion (says the Prince) in which Monsieur de Nemours can dispence with her presence there,*
and

and that neither but when'tis given by himself; and he was pleased to tell us, that the last year he gave one to your Majesty; and says, his Mistress did him the honour to come, under a pretence to wait on you. 'Tis an obligation a Mistress lays upon a Servant, when she is pleased to delight in the Divertissements he makes her. And your Majesty must think it not a little pleasing to a Lover, that his Mistress sees him Master of a Place, the Court is pleased to do him the honour to compose, and which gives her an opportunity to be an Eye-witness of the Gallantry with which he acquits himself. Monsieur de Nemours (says the Dauphin-Queen) had reason to allow it there, where the numbers were so great of those who wear the Titles of his Mistresses, that had they not been there, the Ball had been but thin.

The discourse the Prince of *Conde* used in giving her Majesty the sentiment of Monsieur de Nemours concerning Balls, diverted Madam de Cleves thoughts from that intended by the Marshal de St. Andre. She was easily convinc'd it was unhandsome to receive a Treat from one that lov'd her; and was glad of the opportunity to decline it to oblige the Prince. She accepted notwithstanding of the favour of the Dauphin-Queen; and in the Evening she shew'd them to her Mother; she told her she had no design to use them,

them, and that she was sensible the Marshal *de St. Andre* made this splendid Entertainment, to give himself the occasion to shew the honour he has for her, and questioned not but he would have the vanity to boast his happiness, that he made her a sharer in it; 'and I hear (says she) under that unhappy pretext he may involve me in some trouble and 'inconvenience.

Madam de Chartes was pleased to oppose her Daughters Opinion, as being singular; but discovering her obstinacy, she yielded to it; and advised her to feign her self indisposed, for she believed no other excuse would be allowed but that, which she was obliged to disguise with privacy and discretion too, lest it should reach the knowledge of the Company, and expose her to its censure. *Madam de Cleve* consents to pass the time away with her Mother, she had no inclination for the place, she thought not happy without the Princes presence, who leaves the Court before the day that brought her heart to the test.

Monsieur de Nemours returns the day after the Ball, and was informed she was not there; but not knowing whether some might not report to her the discourse he maintained in the Dauphins Chamber, he began to question if he was so happy as at first he thought himself.

The

The day after his arrival he waited upon the Queen, and as he was discoursing with Madam the Dauphin, came in Madam *de Chartres*, and Madam *de Cleve*, her Daughter, to pay their Respects to their Majesties. Madam *de Cleve* was in a careless dress, that she might the better palliate the indisposition she had borrowed ; but she had this unhappiness, her Face did not correspond with the Counterfeit. *You look so well* (says Madam the Dauphin) *nothing can convince my thoughts that you have been otherwise. I fear the Prince of Conde's repetition of the Argument Monsieur de Nemours held in the Dauphin's Bed-Chamber in prejudice of Ball's, has had an ill influence upon you; you thought you should do the Marshal too great an honour in sharing in the noble Treat he gave the Court, and therefore vouchsafed us not your Company.* Madam *de Cleve* could not forbear to blush, for she was sensible of what Madam the Dauphin guest so well at: And the more, because she was pleased to hint it to her in the Princess presence.

From hence her Mother judg'd the reason why she declined the Ball; and to prevent Monsieur *de Nemours* apprehension of it; was pleased to reply to the Dauphin-Queen. *Madam, (says she) your Majesty does my Daughter a greater honour than she deserves. She*
was

was unfeignedly ill, but I think had I not interposed my authority, she had exposed her health to wait on your Majesties, to have had the pleasure to share in the last Nights Divertisement the Marshal was pleased to give you. Madam the Dauphin was satisfied with what Madam de Chartres told her ; but Monsieur de Nemours was not a little concerned, that there was a colour for it. Notwithstanding that the blushes of Madam de Cleve deserved to justify the truth : Madam de Chartres was sensibly offended that she had given Monsieur de Nemours the vanity to believe he had prevented her appearance there ; and Madam de Cleve on the other side could scarce disguise her resentment, that any should harbour that opinion of her.

Notwithstanding that the Congress at Cieran was broken up, the Negotiations for a Peace still continued, things at last were so happily disposed, that towards the end of February they met again at Cateau Cambresis. His Majesty was pleased to commission the same Plenipotentiaries he had before. The absence of the Marshal of St. Andre removed a Rival, who was to be feared, not so much for the impression his Merit could make upon the heart of this Lady, as for the guard his watchful Eye kept upon all those that made their addressees to her.

Madam

Madam de Chartres was not willing her Daughter should understand she had discovered her passion for the Prince, to prevent her Jealousie of those things she had an intention to discourse her in, she took an occasion one day to enlarge (and passionately too) upon his Worth and Merit, but could not forbear to mix some Venome with his Praise, to make her sick with him. She told her he had so great a stock of Prudence, it would not allow him the vanity to be amorous, and that his Conversation with Ladies was only his divertisement. *'Tis thought (says she) he has a passion for the Dauphin-Queen, I meet him often there; and I advise you to decline his company; for the Court, being an Eye-witness of the kindness her Majesty is pleased to shew you, will be apt to give you the Title of a Confident; and you ought to be sensible what Reputation that will purchase you. If this Report continue long, my advise is farther, that you pay not such often visits to that Queen, lest you find your self embroil'd in one of the Gallantries of the Court.*

Madam de Cleve (which was a stranger to the Amours of the Dauphin-Queen and him) was surpris'd at the knowledge of it; and when she perceived how much she was abas'd in her sentiments of this Prince, she could not forbear to discover it in her Countenance;

tenance ; which she did not well disguise, but her Mother took notice of it. There came some Ladies to give Madam *de Chartres* a visit, Which interrupted the discourse, and Madam *de Cleve* retired into her Closet.

I am not able to express the sorrow and regret she had at this Relation, and particularly when it reflects upon the folly that gave birth to her passion for Monsieur *de Nemours*. She durst not hitherto discover it to her Mother : She was sensible the kindness she had for him was the sole ambition of Monsieur *de Cleve* ; and you cannot blame her, if she could not forbear to quarrel with her fond inclinations, that she should harbour that love for another, which was only due to the Merit of her Husband. She was sensibly toucht with a Jealousie that Monsieur *de Nemours* did only interpose his pretence to her, to facilitate his addresses to the Dauphin-Queen ; the apprehension of it encouraged her to communicate it to her Mother.

In the morning she enters her Mothers Chamber, to execute the resolutions of the night before, but finding her indisposed, she deferred it to another opportunity. Her distemper was so inconsiderable, that it diverted not Madam *de Cleve* from waiting upon the Dauphin-Queen in the Afternoon. Her Majesty was retired into her Closet with two
or

or three Ladies who had the greatest share in her Bosome. *We are, Madam, (says the Queen, discovering Madam de Cleve) discoursing of Monsieur de Nemours, and equally admire the change we find in him since his return from Bruxelles. Before his Journey he had an infinity of Mistresses, and he can only blame himself for it, for he was pleased to divide himself equally between those of Merit and those of none; but since his return, there is so great a Metamorphoses, he vouchsafes neither to regard the one nor other, I myself perceive it in his humour, it has lost its usual gayety.*

Madam de Cleve returns no answer: She began to think, and not without some indignation, that they had taken up this discourse of the alteration in this Prince, only to discover, if she was not mistaken, some marks of her passion for him: This began to create in her an antipathy against the Queen, that she should impose upon her the reasons of a thing which was best known to her self. She was not able to hide her resentment from her Majesty; the Ladies retiring, she took the liberty to address her self to the Queen, saying, *Madam, are you pleased to point at me, when you alone are the subject of this change in the Prince? You are unkind, (replies the Dauphin-Queen) you must be sensible I can keep*
nothing

nothing from you. I confess the Duke before he went to Bruxelles, might have some intention to let me know he did not hate me ; but since his return, I believe he has forgotten his resolution. I declare I am impatient to know the Author of this change. I admire he should hide it from the Viscount de Chartres, who keeps the Key of his heart. Had he a Passion for a Person I had a Power over, I might be so happy as to understand this Alteration. The Dauphin - Queen delivered it in a Dialect Madam de Cleve could have ill resented, but that she would not cloud the Debonairness of the humour she first received it in.

Upon her return home to her Mothers, she found her in a worse condition than when she went to Court: Her Feaver was so violent, that it daily increased upon her ; Inso-much her Physitians judged it would be of some continuance. Madam de Cleve was so sensibly afflicted, she quitted not her Mothers Chamber. Mounseur de Cleve paid his visits daily to Madam de Chartres, not so much for the interest he had in that Lady, or to divert his Wifes Grief and Sorrow, as to have the happiness to injoy her company ; for his Passion had abated none of its primitive Heat and Vigour.

Mounseur de Nemours, who had a kindness for Mounseur de Cleve ; took all occasi-

ons to demonstrate it to him, since his return from *Bruxelles* ; during the distemper of *Madam de Chartres*. The Prince found several opportunities of seeing *Madam de Cleve*, under a pretence of her Husbands company to go abroad with him ; he came not thither, but at such hours he knew him not to be there ; and under an excuse of waiting for his return, he spent some hours in the withdrawing Room, where several Persons of Quality came daily to pay their Complements of condolence to the Daughter, upon her Mothers indisposition. The affliction she lay under seemed to *Monsieur de Nemours* to have made no alteration in her Beauty. He endeavoured to make her sensible of the interest he had in her Grief ; but in a dialect so passionate, it convin'd her that *Madam la Dauphin*, was not the subject of his Change.

She could scarce forbear to discover her indignation in her countenance ; notwithstanding she took pleasure in his company. But when he forbore to visit her, and that she considered the Charms her Person carried with it, had given the first Flame to his Passion, she was scarce able to forbear to hate her self, upon the apprehension of it.

Her Fever got such footing of her daily, that her Physicians began to despair of her Health, she received the fatal Tidings with

a Courage worthy of her Piety and Vertue. After they had taken their last leaves of her, and the Chamber was cleared of the Company, she calls her Daughter to her.

We must part Daughter (says Madam de Chartres) *taking her by the hand. The danger that I leave you in, and the occasion you have for me, add to the regret I have to leave you. I am sensible you have a Passion for Monsieur de Nemours, I ask you not to confirm me in it. I am no longer able to make use of your sincerity, in your future conduct. I have long since discoursed your inclination, but I have hitherto forbore to speak to you of it, that I might give you no jealousy, that I understood it. You must needs be sensible, that you are upon the point of the Precipice. There ought to be powerful endeavours used to stop you in your career. Reflect upon the Duty you owe your Husband, and forget not also that that's due to me. Consider you are going about to Shipwrack the Reputation you have gotten, and which I have so passionately wish'd you. Take up strength and courage to quit the Court; Desire your Husband to take you thence. Fear not to pursue those Paths which at first may seem hard and uneasy to you. How unpleasant soever they may appear to you in the beginning, you will find more sweetness in them in the end, than in the Vanities of the Court.*

F 2

If

If any other Motives, than those of Piety and Obedience, could oblige you to embrace the thing I wish; I would tell you, if any thing can disturb my happiness in a better world, it will be the consideration of your Fall. But if this mischief be inevitable, I shall welcome Death with joy, that I am not the unhappy witness of it.

Madam de Cleve bathed her Mothers hand, which she had inclosed in her own, with a flood of Tears. *Adue* (says she) *my Child, let us put a Period to the discourse, that will dissolve us both into Grief and Tears: Forget not (I beseech you) the last Legacy of your Mother.*

Having concluded this short admonition; she turns her self upon her Pillow, and commanding her Daughter to call in her Women, she would not allow her the liberty to reply. Madam de Cleve left the Chamber; and you may easily conjecture in what condition too. Madam de Chartres, gave up all the thoughts of the little Remnant of her life, towards a preparation for a happier being. She spun out two days longer, in which time she would not admit her Daughter into her presence; though she was the only thing of value she left behind her.

Poor Madam de Cleve was dissolved into trouble and tears. Her Husband never left

left her, and as soon as her Mothers eyes were closed, he conducts her into the Country, to remove her from a place which gave her no other objects, but of grief and sorrow. 'Twas wonderful to observe, that notwithstanding the memory of her Love and tenderness to her, ought to have had the greatest share in her discontent; the necessity of her Mothers Conduct, to arm her against this Prince's Charms, had also its part in it. She begins to see her unhappiness to be thus forlorn, in an Exigent wherein she was so little Mistress of her thoughts, and in a season she so much wanted one in whose Breast she might deposit her complaints. The respect of Monsieur *de Cleve's* carriage to her, obliged her to wish more than ever, that she might not be failing in any thing that might answer her love and duty. She endeavoured to repair her former error, by greater evidences of her kindness to him, than she had shewn before. She could not indure he should part from her, she seemed (as it were) forcibly to fix her self upon him; that he might shelter her from the troublesome Addresses of the Duke of *Nemours*.

The Duke came to give a visit to Monsieur *de Cleve* in the Country, with design to pay another to his Lady; which she refused. And being sensible she could not avoid his

Courtship, she had taken a resolution to prevent the occasion, and not see him.

Mounſieur de Cleve came to *Paris* to compleat his Train, and promiſed his Lady to return the next day; but he diſappointed her, for he came not till the day following. *I expected you all yeſterday* (ſays Madam de Cleve) *And I ought to chide you for your breach of Faith. You muſt believe, if I were capable of any new affliction in the condition I am in, the Death of Madam de Tournon, which was brought me this very Morning, had certainly given it me. I had been leſs concerned, had I not had the happineſs to know her; ſhe is a ſubject worthy our Pity, when we conſider that a young Lady of her Beauty ſhould dye ſo ſuddenly, as in two dayes. But it troubles me moſt, when I reflect upon her as the only Perſon in the world, that was dear to me for her merit and diſcretion.*

I am very ſorry I have diſappointed you, answers Mounſieur de Cleve; My preſence was ſo neceſſary to contribute to the conſolation of a poor unfortunate Gentleman, that I could not in honour leave him. As for Madam de Tournon, be not afflicted at her loſs, if you regret it as of a Lady, whoſe prudence was deſerving your value and eſteem. You make me admire you, (ſays Madam de Cleve) *for I have often heard you ſay, that there was not a Lady*
in

in the Court, for whom you had a greater Honour. 'Tis true, (replies Mounſieur de Cleve,) but you women are incomprehenſible; and when I have ſeen them all, I find my ſelf ſo happy in you alone, I cannot ſufficiently value my own content. You are pleaſed to eſteem me more than I deſerve (ſays Madam de Cleve fetching a ſigh,) and if I have not hitherto learnt the method to indear my ſelf, give me the Leſſon Madam de Tournon has taught you. 'Tis long ſince that I learnt it, (replies Mounſieur de Cleve) and I was ſenſible ſhe had a paſſion for the Count de Sancerre, to whom ſhe gave ſome hopes. I cannot believe (ſays Madam de Cleve) that Madam de Tournon, after the great antipathy ſhe had expreſt for Marriage, when ſhe was a Widdow; and the publick declarations ſhe made, never to have a thought for it, ſhould flattter Mounſieur de Sancerre. Had ſhe been ſo juſt (replies Mounſieur de Cleve) as to have bounded her folly there, ſhe had not given the Court the ſubject of ſo much diſcourſe to her diſadvantage; but that which ſurprized it, was, at the ſame time ſhe gave an equal aſſurance to Monſieur Eſtouteville. And I'll give you the relation of it.

The End of the firſt Book,

THE
PRINCESSE
OF
CLEVE.

BOOK II.

YOU are not a stranger to the Friendship between *Sancerre* and me. Yet, great as it was, when about two years since he fell in love with *Madam de Tournon*, he made it his business to conceal it as closely from me, as from others; and had the dexterity to keep it so private, that I never suspected any such thing. *Madam Tournon* affected a way of living so extremely retir'd, and appear'd afflicted to that degree, for the death of her Husband, that it was the general

ral opinion, there was no comforting of her after a loss she so much lamented. She scarce admitted a visit from any person, but *Sancerre's* Sister, nor visited any other; and at his Sisters Lodging, *Sancerre* fell in Love with her.

One Evening there was to be a Play at Court; and all things being ready, the Actors waited the coming of the King and *Madam de Valentinois*; when News was brought, she was not well, and the King would not come: Every one guess'd her indisposition was really nothing else but some quarrel with the King: and though all the Court knew how jealous he had been of the Marshal of *Brisac*, while he continued at Court, yet the Marshal being some days before return'd for *Piemont*, we could not imagine the cause of their falling out: As I was discoursing of it to *Sancerre*, Mounseur *d'Anville* came into the Hall, and whisper'd me in the Ear, that the King was so vex'd and so angry it would make any one pity him: that when the jars he lately had with the Duchess of *Valentinois*, about the Marshal *Brisac*, were compos'd a few days ago, the King had given her a Ring, and pray'd her to wear it. That as she was a dressing to come to the Play, the King miss'd the Ring on her Finger, and ask'd what was become of it.

She

She appear'd astonish'd she had it not, and call'd to her Women for it ; who unluckily, or for want of instruction to the contrary, presently answer'd, it was four or five days since they saw it.

'Tis precisely so long, continues Moun-
sieur *d'Anville*, since the Marshal *Brisac* left
the Court, and the King makes no doubt, but
as she bid him adieu, she gave him the Ring.
The thought of this cut the King to the
quick, and kindled afresh his late jealousy in-
to so sudden and violent a flame, that it put
him in an extraordinary passion, and made
him break out into sharp expressions, and very
reproachful Language against her. He is new-
ly gone into his Lodgings extremely afflicted,
but whether more with the thought of the
Duchess having made a sacrifice of his Ring
to the Marshal *Brisac*, or with fear of having
displeas'd her by his passion, I cannot resolve
you.

Monsieur *d'Anville* had no sooner made
an end of telling me the News, but I went
to *Sancerre* to acquaint him with it. I told
it him as a secret, newly intrusted with me,
and charg'd him not to speak of it.

The morrow betimes I went to my Sister-
in-Law's, and found at her Bed-side Madam
de Tournon, who had no great Kindness for
Madam *de Valentinois*, and knew well enough
my

my Sister-in-Law had small reason to think well of her: *Sancerre*, when the Play was done, went to *Madam de Tournon's*, and gave her an account of the quarrel between the King and the Duchefs, which *Madam de Tournon* was then come to relate to my Sister-in-Law, not knowing *Sancerre* had had it from me.

Asfoon as I came up to my Sister-in-Law, she told *Madam de Tournon* I might be trusted with the Relation she had newly made, and, without further expecting permission from *Madam de Tournon*, my Sister-in-Law told me word by word, all I had told *Sancerre* the night before. This, you may believe, surpriz'd me very much: I looked upon *Madam de Tournon*, she appear'd disorder'd: Her disorder rais'd a suspicion in me: I had not told any but *Sancerre* the News: as we were going from the Play he had quitted me, without telling me the reason: It came into my mind I had heard him speak much in commendation of *Madam de Tournon*: All this together open'd my Eyes, and made me easily to discern an intrigue of Gallantry between *Sancerre* and her, and that when he left me, he went to see her.

I was so vext to find he kept this Adventure from me: I let fall some expressions that made *Madam de Tournon* sensible how indiscreet

discreet she had been : I brought her to her Coach, and told her at parting, I envy'd his happiness who had given her the News of the quarrel between the King and Madam de *Valentinois*.

I went presently in search of *Sancerre*, reproached him with his unkindness, and (without acquainting him how I made the discovery) I told him, I knew the passion he had for Madam de *Tournon*: He was forc'd to confess it, and then I told how I came to know it, and he as frankly gave me an exact account of their Adventure ; adding, that though he were a younger Brother, and could not pretend to so great a Match, yet he had encouragement enough from the Lady to try his fortune. You cannot imagine the surprise I was in at his discourse: I advis'd him to hasten the conclusion of the Marriage, and told him he must provide for the worst, having to deal with a Woman that did so neatly impose upon the publick, by acting with that artifice a part so different from what he knew she really was: He answer'd, the death of her Husband had really troubled her: but the inclination she had for him dissipated that trouble, and she was unwilling the world should on the sudden be witness of the Change. He added other reasons in excuse of her, which gave me light enough to see how deeply he was in
Love.

Love. He assur'd me he would procure her consent, to let me know the passion he had for her, since she had made the first discovery towards it: nor was he worse than his word, though she was very loath to give way to an open acknowledgement: and thenceforward I was their Confident to a very high measure.

Never did I see a Woman carry her self with a Civility so suitable to the Exigences of her Servants condition, yet I confess I wonder'd she still affected to appear troubled for the death of her Husband. *Sancerre* was so deeply in Love, and so pleas'd with her kind usage of him; that he durst not press the conclusion of the Marriage, for fear of making her suspect he Courted her more for interest than for Love. Yet he spoke to her of it, and she appeared willing to be marry'd to him: With that she began to quit her solitude, and appear abroad to the World: She visited my Sister-in-Law at such hours she was sure to find some of the Court at her Lodgings. *Sancerre* came seldom thither: but those who were at my Sister-in-Laws every Night, and saw Madam *de Tournon* frequently there, thought her very amiable.

She had not long quitted her solitude, but *Sancerre* fancy'd she could in her passion for him. He often told me so; though I made
very

very light of it. At last when he inform'd me, that instead of concluding the marriage, she put it off, I thought he had ground enough for apprehension. I answer'd, it was no wonder a passion two years old should be a little abated ; and were it still as high as ever, possibly it was not strong enough to oblige her to marry him ; yet he had not just cause of complaint, being satisfy'd such a Marriage would (as to the Publick) be much to her prejudice, not only for that he was not a competent Match for her, but that it would reflect upon her Reputation : that all he could desire, was, she should not deceive him, by giving him false hopes. I added, that if she had not the power to marry him, or if she declar'd she was in Love with another, he must not be angry nor complain, but continue the esteem, and persevere to pay her the respect he had for her : *I give you, said I, the Counsel I would take in the like Case ; for I am so great a Friend to sincerity, that I believe should my Mistress or my Wife confess to me ingeniously, another better pleas'd them than I, it would trouble me without making me angry : I would lay by the Person of a Lover or a Husband, to be at liberty only to advise her and to make my Complaint.*

Madam de Cleves blush'd at these Words, wherein she discern'd something so nearly relating to her present condition, that very much
fur-

surpriz'd her, and put her into a disorder, out of which it was not in her power to recover her self for some time.

Sancerre, continues Mounfieur *de Cleve*, acquainted Madam *de Tournon* with the advice I had given him. But she took that care to satisfie him, and appear'd so much offended at his suspicions, that she left him fully assur'd of the reallity of her kindness for him. However she put off the Marriage till after his return from a Long Journey he was to take, yet she carry'd her self so well till his departure, and appear'd so afflicted at it, that I thought as well as *Sancerre* she really lov'd him. He hath been gone about three months, and you have so wholly taken me up ever since, I scarce had the opportunity to see Madam *de Tournon* in his absence, and knew only that *Sancerre* was suddenly expected.

Two days ago, when I came to *Paris*, hearing of her death; I sent to *Sancerre's* Lodgings, to enquire what News of him: they sent me Word he was arriv'd the Night before, being the very same Madam *de Tournon* dyed on: I went immediately to see him, doubting very much what condition I should find him in, but the trouble I saw him under exceeded my imagination.

Never did I see sorrow so deep, and so Tender: Assoon as he saw me, he burst
into

into Tears, and imbracing me. *I shall never see her more*, says he, *I shall never see her more: she is dead; I was not worthy of her, but I shall quickly follow her.*

Having said this, he held his peace: afterwards from time to time, repeating, she is gone, I shall see her no more: He fell again into Tears and Lamentations; he was like a Man distracted: He told me he had receiv'd but few Letters from her in his absence, but that he knew her so well he wonder'd not at it, being sufficiently assur'd she was always very shy of sending Letters: yet he made no doubt but she would have been marry'd to him at his return. He took her for the most amiable and most faithful Person in the World, and thought she lov'd him with a great deal of tenderness, and lost her at the time he hop'd to have made sure of her for his own for ever. These thoughts plung'd him into deep affliction, which, I confess, mov'd my pity, and made me look upon him as an object worthy serious Commiseration.

I was forc'd to leave him to go to the King, but promis'd to return in a very short time, and accordingly did so; I was never so surpriz'd, as when at my return I found him quite another Man: He was in his Chamber with fury in his face, sometimes going, sometimes standing still, as if he had been mad.

Come,

Come, come, says he to me, Come see the most desperate of Men: I am a thousand times more unfortunate than I was a while ago, and what I have newly heard of Madam de Tournon is worse than her death.

I look'd on this disorder as an effect of his grief, and could not imagine any thing could be worse than the death of a Mistress one loves, and who loves him again. I told him, while he kept within bounds, I approv'd his passion, and pity'd his sorrow, but he was not to expect I should bemoan him any longer, if he gave himself up to despair, and would run out of his Wits. Happy had it been for me, crys he, had I long since run out of my wits, and my life too: Madam de Tournon was false to me, and I am so unfortunate, as not to have discover'd her infidelity till the morrow after her death, at a time when my heart is at once full of the most passionate Love Man is capable of, and pierc'd through and through with grief, the smartest that ever was felt; I retain at this moment in my fancy the impression of her Image as the model of perfection, not in my Eyes only, but in the Judgment of all Mankind, when the same instant I see my self deceiv'd, and find she deserves not my sorrow. Yet I am as much troubled at her death as if she had been true to me, and resent her infidelity as if she were Living: Had I heard of her inconstancy before she had dy'd,
G *anger,*

anger, jealousie, and rage would have harden'd my heart against a sense of the loss of her, but the misery of my condition is such, I am incapable of comfort, yet know not how to hate her.

Judge you whether I was not surpriz'd at *Sancerres* expressions. I ask'd him how he came to know she had been false to him. He answer'd, I was no sooner gone out of his Chamber, but *Estouteville* his intimate friend, but altogethor a stranger to his Love for *Madam de Tournon*, came in to see him; that as soon as he sat down he fell a crying, and begg'd his pardon for having conceal'd from him what he was now come to tell him, that he intreated his pity; that he was come to open his very heart to him, and that of all the men in the World, he was the most griev'd at the death of *Madam de Tournon*.

I was so surpriz'd at his nameing her, that though I was just upon answering, I was more griev'd at it than he, yet I had not the power to say so. He went on with his story, and told me he had been six Months in love with her: that he was still for making me acquainted with it, but she had expresly forbidden it, and with so strict a charge he durst not disobey her. That he had had the good fortune to please her as soon almost as he had fallen in love with her: that they had conceal'd their passion from all the World: that he had never been publicly at her house, that
he

he had the pleasure to see himself effectually capable of making her lay aside her sorrow for the death of her Husband, and that just as she dy'd he should have marry'd her, and that their Marriage, which really was an effect of love, was to have past in the world as a pure effect of duty and obedience: that in order to this she had prevail'd with her Father to command her to marry him, to prevent the Censures of the World, and stop the Mouths of those who would have cry'd out at the great alteration of her Conduct, which had appear'd so averse from the thoughts of a second Marriage.

While *Estouteville* was speaking, continues *Sancerre*, I believ'd all he said; his discourse seem'd so probable, and the more for that about the time he said he first fell in Love with her, I first observ'd a change in her. But the next moment I thought him a Lyar or a Mad-man. I was going to tell him so, but was prevail'd upon by the desire I had of a fuller discovery, to question him further, and to throw in objections against what he said. I proceeded so far towards convincing my self of my misfortune, that he ask'd me if I knew *Madam de Tournon's* hand-writing. With that, he threw on my Bed four Letters of hers, and her Picture. At that very instant my Brother came in.

Estouteville was so blubber'd with crying, he was forc'd to go out to avoid being seen: telling me he would come again in the Evening, to fetch what he left with me. I sent away my Brother, pretending my self ill; so impatient was I to read those Letters, in hopes to find something there, to make me dis-believe what *Estouteville* had said. But alas, what found I there? what tenderneſs, what Oaths, what assurances of marrying him. Never had ſhe Writ ſuch Letters to me: Thus, adds he, am I assaulted at once with grief for her death, and vexation for her falſneſs: Two evils often compar'd, but ſeldom felt by the ſame perſon at once. To my ſhame be it ſpoken, the loſs of her ſtill troubles me more than her inſtancy, and I cannot find in my heart to think ſhe deſerv'd death for her Treachery. Were ſhe living I ſhould take pleaſure in reproaching her, and taking my Revenge of her, by letting her know how unjuſt ſhe was; But I ſhall never ſee her more, ſays he again, I ſhall never ſee her more. This is the greateſt miſfortune: O that I could reſtore her to life, though with the loſs of my own! yet what do I wiſh for? were ſhe alive again, ſhe would be *Estouteville's*: How happy was I yeſterday, crys he, how happy was I when the moſt ſorrowful of Men: Yet my ſorrow appear'd reaſonable, and it was a
plea-

pleasure to think it my duty never to be comforted: To day every thing I do methinks is unreasonable: I pay a passion she only feign'd for me, that tribute of grief I thought justly due to a sincere affection. It is not in my power to hate or to love the memory of her: I am incapable of comfort, yet know not how to grieve for her. However, says he, turning short towards me, I conjure you, take care Estouteville come not in sight of me. I abhor the very name of him. I know well enough I have no cause to complain of him, it was my fault not to tell him I lov'd Madam de Tournon. Had he known it, perhaps he would never have made an address to her, nor she have been false to me. He made it his business to find me out, to communicate his sorrows to me. I cannot but pity him. Ha, cries he, has he not reason to be sorry, he lov'd Madam de Tournon, was beloved of her, and shall never see her more; yet I find by my self I cannot chuse but hate him. However, I conjure you once more, let me not see him.

Sancerre after this fell a crying again, he was sorry for Madam de Tournon, he spoke to her, and gave her the kindest expressions imaginable: presently he hates her, he complains of her, he Reproaches and Curses her: When I observed his Condition I knew I should want some help to quiet him. I sent for his Brother,

whom I had newly left with the King : I gave him the meeting in the Anti-chamber, to give him an account of *Sancerres* condition : We gave order to prevent his seeing *Estouteville*, and spent part of the Night in endeavouring to bring him to himself. This morning I found him more troubled than ever : I left his Brother with him and came to you.

I am extremely surpriz'd at the News, says *Madam de Cleves*, *I thought Madam de Tournon incapable either of Love or Deceit. 'Tis not possible any one*, replies *Monsieur de Cleve*, *should carry her self with greater dissimulation or cunning.* Observe, that when *Sancerre* thought her alter'd as to him, she really was so ; and began to love *Estouteville*, telling him he was the only Man could make her forget the death of her Husband, and for whose sake she quitted her Retirement, when *Sancerre* thought the while it proceeded from no other Cause but a Resolution to appear less afflicted than formerly : she made it matter of favour to *Estouteville* that she conceal'd their correspondence, and seem'd oblig'd by her Father to marry him, which she pretended proceeded purely from the care of her reputation, when it was in truth a trick to put off *Sancerre*, without leaving him just cause of complaint : *I must needs return*, continues *Monsieur de Cleve*, *to see my un-*
for-

fortunate friend, and I think you may do well to go with me to Paris : 'Tis high time for you to appear abroad, and Receive those visits you cannot well dispence with.

Madam de Cleve's agreed to the propofal, and return'd on the Morrow : she found her self more at ease as to Mounſieur de Nemours than ſhe formerly had been : what Madam de Chartres ſaid on her death-Bed, and ſorrow for the loſs of her, had ſo ſuſpended her thoughts of him, that ſhe thought ſhe ſhould be no more troubled with them.

The ſame Evening ſhe arriv'd, the Queen Dauphin gave her a viſit, and having told her how much ſhe ſhar'd in her afflictions, ſhe ſaid, to divert her from thoſe ſad thoughts, ſhe would inform her of all that had paſt at Court in her abſence, and accordingly gave her an account of ſeveral particulars. *But that I have moſt mind to acquaint you with,* adds ſhe, *is, that it is moſt certain Mounſieur de Nemours is paſſionately in Love, and that he is ſo far from making any the moſt intimate friend he has his Conſident in the caſe, there is not one can gueſs who it is he is in love with : Though he be ſo deeply in Love it makes him neglect, if not quit the hopes of a Crown :* with that ſhe gave her an account of what concern'd the matter of England : *What I have told you,* ſays ſhe, *I had from Mounſieur*
G 4 d'An-

dAnville, who told me this morning the King had yesterday, sent for Mounſieur de Nemours, upon Letters receiv'd from Lignerolles, who deſires leave to return, as not able any longer to excuſe to the Queen of England the delays of Mounſieur de Nemours, that the Queen begins to take it ill, and that though ſhe had not made a poſitive promiſe, ſhe had ſaid enough to encourage the hazarding a Voyage. The King read this Letter to Mounſieur de Nemours, who, inſtead of ſpeaking ſeriouſly, as he had done at firſt, fell a laughing and ſcoffing at Lignerolles hopes; ſaying, all Europe would condemn his imprudence, ſhould he undertake a Voyage for England, as pretending to Marriage with the Queen, without aſſurance of ſucceſs.

Besides, adds he, I could not time my buſineſs worſe, than to take my Journey at this Juncture, when the King of Spain makes addreſs to that Queen for Marriage. In matter of Gallantry, I confeſs his Catholick Maſteſty were no very conſiderable Rival, but in a Treaty of Marriage I cannot think your Maſteſty would adviſe me to ſtand in competition with him. 'I would on this occaſion, replys the 'King, for I know he is otherwiſe inclin'd; 'and were he not, Queen Mary took ſo little 'pleaſure in the Yoke of Spain, I cannot believe her Siſter will undergo it, or ſuffer her 'ſelf to be blinded with the Glittering of ſo many Crowns on one Head: If ſhe yield not
'to

' to the splendor of so many Crowns, says
 ' Mounſieur *de Nemours*, 'tis probable ſhe
 ' will ſeek her happineſs in Love: She hath
 ' for ſome years lov'd my Lord *Courte-*
 ' *ney*: Queen *Mary* too was in love with
 ' him, and would have marry'd him, and with
 ' publick conſent of her Kingdom, but that
 ' ſhe knew him more taken with the youth
 ' and beauty of her Siſter *Elizabeth*, than am-
 ' bitious of reigning. Your Maſteſty knows her
 ' Jealouſie of them made her clap them up Pri-
 ' ſoners, and afterwards baniſh my Lord *Courte-*
 ' *ney* and prevail'd with her at laſt to reſolve to
 ' marry with the King of *Spain*. *Elizabeth*,
 ' who now poſſeſſes the Throne of her Siſter,
 ' will, I believe, ſhortly call home my Lord
 ' *Courteney*, and will rather make choice of
 ' him for her Huſband, whom ſhe hath lov'd,
 ' and who is really amiable, and hath been a
 ' great ſufferer for her, than of a Man ſhe hath
 ' never ſeen: Were *Courteney* alive, ſays the
 ' King, I ſhould be of your mind, but I
 ' have been certainly inform'd ſome days ſince
 ' that he is dead at *Padua*, whither he was
 ' baniſhed: But I ſee, adds the King as he
 ' left Mounſieur *de Nemours*, your marriage
 ' muſt be made up juſt as the Dauphins was,
 ' and Embaſſadors muſt be ſent to eſpouſe the
 ' Queen of *England*.

Mounſieur d' *Anville* and the *Vidame*, who
 were with the King when he ſpoke to *Ne-*

mours,

mours, are clearly of opinion, nothing could divert him from so great a design, but the passion he is so deeply engag'd in. The *Vidame*, who knows him best of any man living, hath told *Madam de Martignes*, he finds such a change in *Monsieur de Nemours*, he scarce knows him. And, which he most wonders at, he cannot observe he hath any private Correspondence; nor can he discover any secret haunts he hath, or that he is missing at any time, which makes the *Vidame* believe he holds not correspondence with the person he loves: and this is the reason he thinks himself so much mistaken in *Monsieur de Nemours*, to see him in love with a Woman that does not love him again.

What a poysonous discourse was this for *Madam de Cleves*! How could she choose but know her self the Person whose Name was not known? How could she but be deeply affected with gratitude and tenderness at the News she received, by a way not at all liable to suspicion, that this Prince she had so great an inclination for, conceal'd his passion from all the World, and slighted for love of her the hopes of a Crown: it is impossible to describe her sentiments on this occasion, and represent to the life the trouble it rais'd in her. Had the Queen-Dauphin ey'd her more closely, she would have easily discover'd she was concern'd at the discourse: But

as she had not the least suspicion of the truth, she proceeded without taking notice of her; Mounſieur d' Anville, adds she, who, as I told you, acquainted me with all these particulars, thinks I know the business better than he, and hath so great an opinion of my Charms, he believes me the sole person capable to cause so extraordinary alterations in Mounſieur de Nemours.

These last Words rais'd another kind of trouble in Madam de Cleve's, very different from that she was formerly in. 'I am of his mind, (answers she,) and 'tis very probable that no less than such a Princess as you could make him despise the Queen of England. I would confess it, did I know it, replies the Queen-Dauphin, and I should certainly know it, were it true: Passions of this Nature seldom escape the discovery of those who occasion them: They are the first that discern them. Mounſieur de Nemours never exprest for me other than slight and superficial complaisance: yet I observe so great difference between his present and former deportment towards me, I dare assure you I am not the cause of that indifference he shews for the Crown of England: But I am so taken with your company, I forget my self, and mind not the obligation I am under of seeing Madam: you know the peace is in a manner concluded, but 'tis possible it
' may

‘may be News to you, that the King of
 ‘*Spain* refuses to Sign the Articles, but upon
 ‘condition he shall marry that Princess, instead
 ‘of the Prince *Don Carlos* his Son. The King
 ‘was loath to consent to it, but hath done
 ‘it at last, and is newly gone to carry Ma-
 ‘dam the News: I believe it will much
 ‘trouble her: what pleasure can she expect
 ‘from Marrying a Man of the age and hu-
 ‘mour of the King of *Spain*; especially she so
 ‘jovial, so young, and so beautiful a Lady,
 ‘who expected to Marry a young Prince, for
 ‘whom unseen she had a strong inclination.

I question whether the King will meet
 with the obedience he desires in her. He
 hath charg’d me to see her, because he knows
 she loves me, and that I have some power o-
 ver her: I shall from thence make another
 visit (of a very different Nature,) to congra-
 tulate the Kings Sister for the conclusion of
 her Marriage with the Prince of *Savoy*, who
 is expected in few days: Never had per-
 son of the age of this Princess so great cause
 to rejoyce at her Marriage. The Court will
 be more Numerous and Glorious than ever,
 and in spite of all your affliction you must
 come and help us to let the Strangers see we
 are furnish’d with no mean Beauties.

Having said this, the Queen-Dauphin left
 Madam *de Cleve*’s, and on the morrow the
 Mar-

Marriage of Madam was in every ones Mouth. The day after the King and Queens went to see Madam *de Cleve*: Mounſieur *de Nemours* who had waited her return with extreme impatience, and wiſht paſſionately he might ſpeak with her in private, put off going to her, till the time all company broke up, and probably none would return thither that night. It fell out as he had wiſht, and he came in as the laſt Viſiters were taking their leaves.

The Princeſs was on her Bed, the weather hot, and the ſight of Mounſieur *de Nemours* put her to a bluſh, that made her more amiable. He ſat over againſt her, with a reſpect and fearfulneſs incident only to a genuine Paſſion, he was ſpeechleſs for ſometime: Madam *de Cleve*'s was as mute as he, ſo that they were both ſilent a pretty while: At laſt Mounſieur *de Nemours* complemented her, condoling her affliction. Madam *de Cleve*'s very glad of diſcourſe on that ſubject, ſpoke a good while of the loſs ſhe had had: and told him at laſt though time might abate the violence of her grief, ſhe ſhould ſtill retain ſo deep an impreſſion of it, it would alter her humour: 'Tis true, Madam, replies M. *de Nemours*, great troubles and violent paſſions, occaſion great alterations in our tempers: though I was never actually ſenſible of it, but ſince my re-
turn

‘ turn from *Flanders* : Many have observed in
‘ me a very great change, and the Queen-
‘ Dauphin her self spoke to me of it yesterday.
‘ She has indeed taken notice of it, says Ma-
‘ dam *de Cleve*, and I think I have heard her
‘ speak of it. I am not displeas’d Madam,
‘ answers Mounſieur *de Nemours*, that ſhe hath
‘ perceiv’d it, but ſhould be very glad ſhe were
‘ not the only Perſon that did ſo. There are
‘ Perſons in the World to whom we dare give
‘ no other evidences of the paſſion we have for
‘ them, but by things that concern them not;
‘ yet when we dare not make it appear we love
‘ them, we are willing at leaſt to let them ſee we
‘ deſire not the Love of any other; we are wil-
‘ ling to let them know we look with indiffe-
‘ rence on all other Beauties, though in the
‘ higheſt ſphere, and that a Crown may be too
‘ dear, if to be purchas’d with no leſs a price
‘ than abſence from her we adore. Ordinarily,
Ladies judge of the paſſion had for them, by
the care their Servants take to attend and
to pleaſe them : but be they never ſo little a-
miable thoſe are eaſie tasks to perform. There
is no great difficulty in giving our ſelves the
pleaſure to wait on them : But to avoid their
company for fear of diſcovering to the World,
and almoſt to themſelves, the paſſion we
have for them, that’s a difficult point : the
trueſt evidence of being really in Love, is
when

when we become quite other men than we were, when we renounce our ambition and our pleasures, having all our Life pursu'd the one and the other.

Madam *de Cleve*'s easily understood how far she was concern'd in this discourse, she thought it her duty to cut it off by an answer. Presently her mind alter'd, and she was of opinion it was better make as if she understood it not, and give him no cause to think she took it to her self; she thought she ought to speak, and thought she ought to be silent; this discourse did in a manner equally please and displease her. It convinc'd her of the truth of all the Queen-Dauphin made her think of him, she could not but look upon it as full of gallantry and respect, but withall somewhat bold and a little too plain and intelligible: The inclination she had for that Prince put her into a disorder it was not in her power to master: the darkest expressions of a Person we love move more than the clearest declarations of a person we have no inclination for. She made him no answer. Mounseur *de Nemours* took notice of her silence, and perhaps would have taken it for no ill Omen. But Mounseur *de Cleve*'s coming in, put an end to their discourse and his visit.

The Prince of *Cleve* came in to give his Lady a further account of *Sancerre*, but she
was

was not very curious to know the Issue of that Adventure. Her thoughts were so taken up with what she had newly heard from Mounſieur *de Nemours*, ſhe could ſcarce hide the diſtraction ſhe was under: Aſſoon as ſhe was at liberty to Muſe of what was paſt, ſhe ſaw clearly how much ſhe had been deceiv'd, when ſhe thought her ſelf indifferent as to Mounſieur *de Nemours*; his diſcourſe had made as deep Impreſſion on her as he could wiſh, and fully convinc'd her of the truth of his paſſion, his actions agreeing too well with his words to leave her the leaſt ſhadow of doubt. She no longer flatter'd her ſelf with hopes of not loving him; all her care was not to let him Know it: ſhe knew this would prove a very hard task, having already had experience of the difficulty of it: ſhe knew there was no way of doing it, but by avoiding the preſence of that Prince: Her being in Mourning gave her occaſion of living more retyr'd than ordinary; and ſhe took that pretence not to frequent places where ſhe might ſee him: very ſad and diſconſolate ſhe was, but the death of her Mother appear'd to be the cauſe of it, and no ſuſpition was had of any other.

Mounſieur *de Nemours* was almoſt diſtracted he could not have a ſight of her, and knowing there was no finding her in Company,
and

and that she appeared not at any Divertissements at Court, he could not prevail with himself to be there, but pretended a great love for Hunting, and made Matches for that Sport upon the days the Ladies and the rest of the Court us'd to meet at the Queen's Lodgings. A slight indisposition serv'd him a long time for a pretence to keep home, and absent himself from those places he knew there were no hopes to see *Madam de Cleve*.

Monsieur de Cleve was sick much about the same time. During his illness *Madam de Cleve* stirr'd not out of his Chamber: But when he grew better, and admitted Visitors, particularly *Monsieur de Nemours*, who under pretence of being not yet fully recover'd spent there the greatest part of the day; she found it was not in her power to stay there, yet at his first coming she could not quit the Room. 'Twas so long since she had seen him, she could not quickly resolve to see him no more. *Monsieur de Nemours* had the address by discourses that appear'd altogether general, (but she understood well enough by the relation they had to what he had privately said to her in her Chamber,) to let her know he went a Hunting only for more liberty to think of her; and that the reason he quitted Meetings at Court, was her not being there.

At last, but with very much ado, she put in execution the resolution she had taken to quit her Husband's Chamber when Monsieur *de Nemours* was there, who quickly perceiv'd she shunn'd him, and was very much troubled at it.

Monsieur *de Cleve* did not presently take notice of his Lady's conduct in this particular, but became sensible at length she went out of his Chamber when company was there. He told her of it: she answer'd, she thought it not decent for her to be there every Evening in company with the youngest of the Court, that she intreated him to allow her to live more retir'd than she had done hitherto: that the virtue and presence of her Mother, while she liv'd, had given her privilege in some things she thought no longer fit to be made use of by a Woman of her age.

Monsieur *de Cleve*, who naturally had a great deal of kindness and complaisance for his Wife, express'd it not on this occasion, but told her he could by no means consent she should alter her Conduct. She was upon the point of telling him, it was the general report Monsieur *de Nemours* was in Love with her, but she had not the power to mention his Name; besides she thought it dis-ingenuous to disguise the truth, and make use of
pre-

pretences to a Person who really had a very good opinion of her.

A few days after, the King was at the Queen's Lodgings about the time of going to take the Ring; the discourse was of Horoscopes and Predictions: The Company was divided in opinion what credit to be given them. The Queen maintained, that after so many things foretold, and afterwards come accordingly to pass, it was not to be doubted but there was some certainty in that Science: others insisted, that of an infinite number of Predictions so very few prov'd true, that the truth of those few must be look'd upon as a meer effect of Chance.

'I have heretofore, *says the King*, been very curious and inquisitive of the future; but they have told me things so false and improbable, that I am convinc'd they know nothing certain. Not many years since there came hither a Man famous for Astrology; every one went to see him, and I among the rest, but did not let him know who I was: I took with me Monsieur *de Guise* and *Descars*, and made them go in first: Yet the Astrologer address himself to me, as if he had judg'd me Master to the other two, and perhaps he knew me; but if he did, he told me a thing no way suitable to me: His Prediction was, I should be kill'd in Duel. He told

‘ Monsieur *de Guise* he should die of a Wound
 ‘ given him behind ; and *Descars*, that he
 ‘ should have his Brains knockt out with the
 ‘ kick of a Horse. Monsieur *de Guise* was
 ‘ offended at the Prediction , as if it im-
 ‘ ported he would run away : *Descars* was not
 ‘ well pleas’d to hear he should end his days
 ‘ by so unfortunate an Accident. In a word,
 ‘ we went out all three very ill satisfied with
 ‘ the Astrologer. What may happen to
 ‘ Monsieur *de Guise* and *Descars* I know not,
 ‘ but ’tis very improbable I shall be kill’d in
 ‘ Duel : The King of *Spain* and I have new-
 ‘ ly made peace ; and had we not done so, I
 ‘ question much if we should have fought,
 ‘ or I have sent him a Challenge, as the King
 ‘ my Father did to *Charles* the Fifth.

When the King had given this account of
 the misfortune foretold should happen to
 him, those who before defended Astrology
 deserted it, and agreed there was no credit at
 all to be given to it. ‘ For my part, *says*
 ‘ Monsieur *de Nemours* aloud, I of all Men
 ‘ living have least cause to credit it ; and
 turning himself towards Madam *de Cleve*,
 near whom he stood, ‘ It has been told me,
 ‘ *says he to her very softly*, I should be hap-
 ‘ py in the kindness of a Person, for whom I
 ‘ should have the most violent, and the most
 ‘ respectful Passion imaginable. Judge you,
 Madam,

‘Madam, if I have cause for any Faith in
‘Predictions.

The Queen-Dauphin having heard what Monsieur *de Nemours* had said aloud, thought what he said softly had been some false Prediction told him, and ask’d him what it was he had said to Madam *de Cleve*? Had his Wit been less ready, the Question might have surpris’d him, but he answer’d without any hesitation, it had been foretold him he should be exalted to a Fortune so high he durst not pretend to. ‘If this be it hath been fore-
‘told you, *says the Queen-Dauphin, smiling*
‘*and thinking of the Affair with England*, I
‘would not advise you to run down Astrolo-
‘gy, ’tis possible you may have reasons to give
‘in defence of it. Madam *de Cleve* understood the Queen-Dauphin’s meaning, but knew withal that the Fortune Monsieur *de Nemours* spoke of, was not that of being King of *England*.

It was now a long time since the death of her Mother, and Madam *de Cleve* must appear abroad, and make her Court as she had us’d. She had a sight of Monsieur *de Nemours* at the Queen-Dauphins, she had a sight of him at Monsieur *de Cleve*’s, where he frequently came with other Persons of Quality of his age, that no notice might be taken of it; but where-ever she saw him, it

gave her trouble, and put her into some disorder which he easily perceiv'd.

As careful as she was to shun his looks, and speak less to him than any other, she could not prevent some sudden escapes of her passion, that gave Monsieur *de Nemours* cause to believe she had more than indifferent inclination for him. A Man perhaps less discerning than he could not have perceiv'd it, but he had been already so often lov'd, it was easie for him to know when one lov'd him. He knew the Chevalier *de Guise* was his Rival, and the Chevalier *de Guise* as clearly saw Monsieur *de Nemours* was his. Not one of the whole Court but the Chevalier *de Guise* had made the discovery; his interest render'd him more clear-sighted than the rest: The knowledge they had of one anothers designs, made them cross one another in all things, and they could not forbear expressing their spight on every occasion, though it broke not out into open enmity. At the Runnings at the Ring, at Combats, at the Barrier, and all Divertisements the King call'd them to, they were always of different Parties, and their emulation was so great it could not be hid.

Madam *de Cleve* could not forbear thinking frequently of the Affair with *England*, she believ'd Monsieur *de Nemours* would not
resist

resist the King's Advice, and the Instances of *Lignerolles*, it troubled her to see *Lignerolles* was not yet return'd, and she expected him every hour with the greatest impatience: Her inclinations sway'd her strongly to inform her self exactly of the state of that Affair; but the same thought that rais'd her Curiosity, immediately suggested to her she was oblig'd to conceal it, and she enquir'd only of the Beauty, the Wit and Humour of Queen *Elizabeth*. The King had one of her Pictures brought him. Madam *de Cleve* thought it far handsomer than she hop'd to have found it, and she could not forbear saying the Picture-drawer had flatter'd the Queen, in drawing her so beautiful. *I do not think so*, says the Queen-Dauphin, *that Princess is reputed extraordinary handsome, and witty; and I am sure she hath been propos'd to me for an Example all my Life: she must be very lovely, if like Anne Bullen her Mother: Never had a Lady so charming a Person, or so bewitching a sweetness and loveliness in her humour: I have heard say she had a singular sprightliness in her Countenance, and not like the common English Beauties.* 'I think, says Madam *Cleve*, I have been told she was born in France. They that fancy so are mistaken, replies the Queen-Dauphin, and I will tell you the Story of her in a very few words

She was of a good Family in England, Henry the 8th had been in love with her Mother and Sister; and it was suspected she might be his Daughter. She came into France with Henry the 7th's Sister, who was marry'd to King Lewis the 12th. This Princess being youthful and gallant, was loth to leave the Court of France at the death of her Husband: Anne Bullen, whose love for the French Court was equal to her Mistresses, resolv'd not to quit it. The late King fell in love with her, and she was made Maid of Honour to Queen Claudia: This Queen dying, the Lady Margaret, the King's Sister, Dacheess of Alanson, and since Queen of Navarr, took her into her Service, where she receiv'd some Tincture of the reformed Religion. Afterwards she return'd into England, and charm'd all that saw her; she sung well, and danc'd excellently: They made her one of Queen Katherine's Maids of Honour, and Henry the 8th fell desperately in love with her.

Cardinal *wolfey*, his Favourite and prime Minister, was ill satisfi'd with the Emperour, for not having favour'd his pretensions to the Papacy; and to be reveng'd of him, resolv'd to unite the King his Master to the *French*. To effect this, he suggested to *Henry the 8th* that his Marriage with the Emperour's Aunt was Null; and propos'd for a Wife to him
the

the Duchess of *Alanfon*, whose Husband was lately dead. *Anne Bullen* had Ambition enough to look upon the Divorce of King *Henry* from *Katherine*, as a means to make way for her into the Throne: She began to give the King some Impressions of the *Lutheran* Perswasion, and engag'd the late King here, to favour at *Rome* the Divorce of *Henry*, in hopes of his marrying the Duchess of *Alanfon*. Cardinal *wolsey*, to have opportunity to treat of this Affair, prevailed with King *Henry* to send him into *France* on other business; but he was so far from giving him power to propose that Marriage, that he sent him express Order to *Calais* not to speak of it.

At his return from *France*, Cardinal *wolsey* was receiv'd with honours equal to those they would have done to the King: Never did Favourite carry on Pride and Vanity to so high a Pitch: He mannag'd an Interview between the two Kings at *Bulloigne*. *Francis* the 1st would have given the upper-hand to *Henry* the 8th, but he would not take it: they treated one another by turns with extraordinary Magnificence, and presented each other with Habits equal to those they had caus'd to be made for themselves: I have heard it said, those the late King sent the King of *England* were of Crimson-Sattin,
be-

beset all over with Pearls and Diamonds, and a Robe of white Velvet embroider'd with Gold. After some days stay at *Bulloigne*, they went to *Callis*; *Anne Bullen* was Lodg'd in *Henry* the 8th's Court, with the Train of a Queen, and *Francis* the 1st made her the same Presents, and did her the same Honour, as if she had been actually so. At last, after a Passion of nine years continuance, *Henry* the 8th married her, without staying for the dissolution of his first Marriage, which he had a long time demanded at *Rome*. The Pope hastily thunder'd Excommunications against him, which provok'd the King so highly, that he declar'd himself Head of the Religion, and drew *England* after him into the Change ye now see.

Anne Bullen enjoy'd not her Grandeur long; for when she thought it surest by the death of Queen *Katherine*, one day as she was seeing, with the whole Court, a Match made by the Viscount *Rockfort* her Brother, to run at the Ring; the King was suddenly struck with so furious a jealousy, that he hastily left the Show, and went straight to *London*, having left order for arresting the Queen, the Viscount *Rockfort*, and several others whom he thought Lovers or Confidants of that Princess: though in appearance this jealousy of the Kings seem'd to owe
its

its Birth to that moment, the truth is, it had been inspir'd into him some time before by the Viscountess *Rochfort*, who was not able to bear with patience the great intimacy between the Queen and her Husband the Viscount, represented it to the King as criminal and incestuous: So that he being already in love with *Jane Seymour*, thought no more of *Anne Bullen*, but to get rid of her. In less than three Weeks he caus'd the Queen and her Brother to be try'd, had them both beheaded, and marry'd *Jane Seymour*. He had afterwards several other Wives, whom he put away, or put to death; and among the rest the Lady *Katherine Howard*, whose Confident the Countess *Rochfort* was, and shar'd in her Fate, having her Head cut off with her Mistress's: Thus was she punish'd for falsely accusing *Anne Bullen*; and *Henry* the 8th dy'd, being grown prodigiously big and fat.

All the Ladies present thank'd the Queen-Dauphin for the account she had given them of the Court of *England*, and among the rest *Madam de Cleve*, who could not forbear asking her several Questions about Queen *Elizabeth*.

The Queen-Dauphin had Pictures in little drawn for her of all the Beauties of the Court, to be sent to the Queen her Mother.

One

One day as that of *Madam de Cleve's* was finishing, the Queen-Dauphin spent the Afternoon with her. *Monsieur de Nemours*, who let slip no opportunity of seeing *Madam de Cleve*, (yet without letting it appear he sought it,) faild not being there: She was that day so beautiful, it would have made him in love with her, had he not been so; yet he durst not fix his Eye upon her as her Picture was a drawing, being fearful notice might be taken of the pleasure he took to view her now and then as she sat.

The Queen-Dauphin ask'd *Monsieur de Cleve* for a Picture in little he had of his Wife, to compare it with that which was newly drawn of her: Every one pass'd their Judgment of the one and the other, and *Madam de Cleve* order'd the Picture-drawer to mend something in the Draught of the Head-geer of that which *Monsieur de Cleve* had brought in. The Picture-drawer, to satisfy her, took it out of the Case; and having mended it, laid it on the Table.

Monsieur de Nemours had long wish'd for a Picture of *Madam de Cleve*: when he saw that of her, which was *Monsieur de Cleve's*, he could not resist the longing desire he had to steal it from a Husband he believ'd she tenderly lov'd; and thought among so many Persons in the Room he might be as little

tle suspected to have done it as another.

The Queen-Dauphin was set on the Bed, and whisper'd to Madam *de Cleve*, who stood before her: Madam *de Cleve*, through the Curtains which were but half drawn, spy'd Monsieur *de Nemours* with his Back to the Table at the Beds-feet; and perceiv'd him, without turning his Face, steal something slyly that was on the Table: She quickly guess'd it might be her Picture, and was so troubled at it, that the Queen-Dauphin perceiv'd she heard her not, and ask'd her aloud what it was she look'd at. At those words Monsieur *de Nemours* turn'd about, and saw Madam *de Cleve's* Eye still fix'd upon him, and thought it not impossible but she might have seen what he had done.

Madam *de Cleve* was not a little perplext: Reason would she should ask for her Picture, yet to ask for it publicly, was to tell all the World the kindness that Prince had for her; and to ask for it privately, was to engage him to declare to her the Passion he had for her: At last she resolv'd it the best course to let him carry it away, without taking notice of it, and was glad to grant him a favour without knowing whether she had done it. Monsieur *de Nemours* having observ'd her disorder, and guessing at the Cause, came up and whisper'd to her; *If you have seen what I*
have

have ventur'd to do, Madam, be so good to let me believe you are ignorant of it, which is all I dare beg of you: With that he withdrew, without expecting her Answer.

The Queen-Dauphin went out a walking, attended with all the Ladies, and Monsieur de Nemours went home to lock himself in his Cloſet, to enjoy the pleasure he took in having a Picture of Madam de Cleve's, which fill'd him with joy too great and too delicate to be expreſs'd in publick: It gave him a taſte of the highest ſweetneſs Love can afford; he was in love with the moſt amiable Perſon of the Court, and ſaw ſhe lov'd him though againſt her will, and eaſily diſcover'd in all her Actions that trouble and diſorder which Love produces in the innocence of Youth.

That Evening great ſearch was made for the Picture: Having found the Caſe it was us'd to be kept in, they never ſuſpected it had been ſtollen, but thought it might have been fallen out by chance. Monsieur de Cleve was much troubled at the loſs of it, and when they had long ſearch'd, and without finding it, he told his Wife, (but in ſuch a manner as made it appear he did not think ſo,) That ſhe had without doubt ſome private Lover, to whom ſhe had given that Picture, or who had ſtole it; and that any other

ther but one in love would not have been content with the Picture without the Case.

These words, though spoken in jeast, made a deep impression in *Madam de Cleve*; they troubled her extremely, and made her reflect with regret on the violence of her Inclination for *Monsieur de Nemours*: she found she was no longer Mistress of her Words, or her Countenance: She thought *Lignerolles* was return'd, that there was no further fear of the Affair with *England*, nor any cause to suspect the Queen-Dauphin; that, in a word, there was not any thing to help her against the violence of her Passion; and that there was no safety to be expected, but by absenting her self from *Monsieur de Nemours*. But leave being requested to be obtain'd for her absence from Court, where her Husband resided, and a pretence wanting, she was in very great extremity, and ready to fall into that she thought the worst of misfortunes, to let *Monsieur de Nemours* see the inclination she had for him. She thought of all *Madam de Chartres* on her Death-bed had said to her, and the Advice she had given her, to undergo any difficulty, rather than engage in an Intrigue of Gallantry. She remember'd what *Monsieur de Cleve* had said to her of an ingenuous sincerity, when he spoke of *Madam de Tournon*; and she thought it her duty

ty to confess to him the inclination she had for Monsieur *de Nemours*. These thoughts possess'd her a considerable time, at length she was astonish'd she could entertain any that appear'd so foolish, and relaps'd into her former perplexity ; not knowing what course to take.

The Peace was sign'd, and the Lady *Elizabeth*, after much resistance, resolv'd to obey the King her Father : The Duke of *Alva* had been appointed to Marry her in the Name of His Catholick Majesty, and was shortly expected. They look'd every day for the Duke of *Savoy*, who had newly marry'd the King's Sister ; the Nuptials being appointed to be kept at the same time the Lady *Elizabeth* should be marry'd to the Proxy of *Spain*. The King's greatest care was to Grace these Marriages with Sports and Divertisements, wherein he might make appear the Address and Magnificence of his Court. Great Proposals were made for Balletts and Comedies, but the King thought those Divertisements too private, and resolved to have such as should be more Splendid and Noble.

That which he made choice of was, a Solemn Tournament, to which Strangers might be invited, and the People be Spectators. The Princes and young Lords approv'd highly the King's design, especially the Duke of
Ferrara,

Ferrara, Monsieur de *Guise*, and Monsieur de *Nemours*, who were the most excellent at these sorts of Exercises; and the King made choice of them to be with him the four Champions of the Tournament.

Proclamation was made throughout the Kingdom, that the 15th of *June*, at *Paris*, His most Christian Majesty, and the Princes, *Alphonso d'Est*, Duke of *Ferrara*, *Francis* of *Lorrain*, Duke of *Guise*, and *James* of *Savoy* Duke of *Nemours*, would hold an open Tourney against all comers: The first Combat on Horseback in the Lists, doubly Arm'd, to break four Lances, and one for the Ladies: The second Combat with Swords; one to one, or two to two, as the Masters of the Camp should order: The third Combat on Foot; three Pushes of Pike, and six Hits with the Sword: The Champions to furnish Lances, Pikes, and Swords, at the Assailants choice: Whoever mannag'd not his Horse in the Carreer, to be put out of the Lists: That there should be four Masters of Camp, to give Orders; the Assailants who should break most Lances, and perform best, to carry the Prize; the value whereof to be at the discretion of the Judges: That all the Assailants, as well *French* as Strangers, should be oblig'd openly, to lay Hand on one, or more, (at their choice) of

the Shields that should hang at a Pillar at the end of the Lifts, where an Officer of Arms should be ready to receive them, and Inroll them according to their Quality, and the Shields they had handled: That the Assailants should be bound to cause their Shields, and Arms, to be brought by a Gentleman, and hung up at the Pillar three days before the beginning of the Tourney, on pain of not being received without the special leave of the Defendants.

A great Lift was made, reaching from the *Chateau de Tournells*, cross *S. Anthony's* Street to the King's Stables. There were on both sides Scaffolds, and Theatres, with cover'd Galleries very pleasing to the sight, and that would hold an infinite of People. The Princes and great Lords, made it their business to provide what might be necessary, to appear there in Splendor, and to have in their Cyphers and Devices, something of Gallantry relating to the Ladies they lov'd.

A few days before the Duke *d'Alva* arriv'd, the King made a Match at Tennis with Monsieur *de Nemours*, the Chevalier *de Guise*, and the Vidame *de Chartres*. The Queen, attended with the Ladies of the Court, and (among the rest) Madam *de Cleve* went to see them play: The Game being ended, as they went out of the Tennis-Court,

Court, *Chastelart* came up to the Queen-Dauphin, and told her he had by chance hit upon a Letter of Gallantry fallen out of Monsieur *de Nemours's* Pocket. This Queen, who always had a Curiosity for any thing that concern'd Monsieur *de Nemours*, bid *Chastelart* give it her: He did so, and she follow'd the Queen her Mother-in-Law, who was going with the King to see them work at the Lifts. They had not been long there, but the King sent for some Horses he had lately caus'd to be taken in, and though they were not throughly mannag'd, the King would Mount one of them, and order'd his Attendants to Mount the rest: The fiery'st and highest-mettl'd of them fell to the King's share, and Monsieur *de Nemours's*: Their Horses would have presently fallen fowl on one another. Monsieur *de Nemours* for fear of hurting the King, recoil'd briskly, and ran back his Horse against a Post, with that violence it made him stagger: The Company ran in presently to Monsieur *de Nemours*, thinking him grievously hurt. Madam *de Cleve* was more sensible of it than any other, and thought him worse hurt: She was so much concern'd, she never thought of hiding the apprehension and trouble it put her in; she went to him with the Queens, but with a Countenance so chang'd, one less

concern'd than the Chevalier *de Guise* might have easily perceiv'd it. He quickly observ'd it, and minded more the condition she was in then, than that of Monsieur *de Nemours's*. The violence of the Juggle had so stunn'd the Prince, he stood a while leaning his Head on those that supported him: When he held it up, he presently spy'd Madam *de Cleve*, and discover'd in her looks the pity she had of him; and look'd on her in such a manner, as made her easily comprehend how sensible he was of it. Afterwards he thank'd the Queens for the goodness express'd towards him, and excus'd the condition he had been in before them. This done, the King commanded him to go to rest.

Madam *de Cleve* being recover'd of the fright she had been in, reflected quickly on the Evidence she had given of it. The Chevalier *de Guise* presently put her out of the hopes she had no body had taken notice of it, giving her his Hand to lead her out of the Lifts; *I have more cause to complain*, says he, *Madam, than Monsieur de Nemours: Pardon me if, for a moment, I forget the profound respect I have always had for you, to let you see how I grieve at Heart for what my Eyes have but now discover'd: 'Tis the first time I have taken the boldness to speak to you, and it shall be the last: Death, or an everlast-*
ing

ing absence, will remove me from a place I can no longer live in; having now lost the sorry comfort I had, in believing all those who durst look on you were as unfortunate as I.

Madam de Cleve answer'd, as if she had not understood him: She would have been offended another time at any Declaration he should have made of his affection for her, but that moment her thoughts were wholly drown'd in a deep affliction for the Discovery he had made of her kindness for Monsieur de Nemours. The Chevalier de Guise was so thoroughly convinc'd of it, and so heartily troubled at it, he took a resolution never to think more of obtaining her love. But to quit an Enterprize that appear'd so difficult and glorious, he must pitch on another great enough to fill the room the former had taken up in his thoughts: He had formerly entertain'd some thoughts of the taking of *Rhodes*; and when Death took him out of the World in the Flower of his Youth, when he had gain'd the Reputation of one of the greatest Princes of his time; the only grief he express'd for leaving the World, was, he had not been able to put in execution so noble a Resolution, the success whereof he thought infallible, through the care he had taken for it.

When Madam de Cleve was gone out of the Lists, she went to the Queen's Lodgings,

full of the thoughts of what had newly happen'd. Monsieur *de Nemours* came in presently after, in a very Magnificent Habit, and like one no way sensible of the late Accident, but in appearance more gay and jovial than ordinary: His joy for what he thought he had lately discover'd, gave his Countenance an Air, made him appear handsomer, (if possible,) than formerly. The Company was surpriz'd at his entrance, every one ask'd him how he did, except *Madam de Cleve*, who staid near the Chimney, as if she had not seen him: The King coming out of his Closet saw him among the rest, and call'd him to have some discourse of his Adventure. Monsieur *de Nemours* passing by *Madam de Cleve*, said to her very low, *I have this day receiv'd some marks of your pity, Madam; but they were not such as I am most worthy of.* *Madam de Cleve* doubted before, that Monsieur *de Nemours* had observ'd the concern she was in for him; and his words sufficiently confirm'd the truth of her thoughts. It troubled her extremely she had been so little Mistress of her Sentiments, as not to have been able to conceal them from the *Chevalier de Guise*. It added to her grief Monsieur *de Nemours* had discover'd them, yet this grief was not so pure, but it had a mixture of pleasure.

The

The Queen-Dauphin, impatiently desirous to know the Contents of the Letter *Chastelart* had given her, went to *Madam de Cleve*, *Go read this Letter*, says she, *it is address'd to Monsieur de Nemours; and in all appearance was sent him by the Mistress for whom he hath quitted all others: If you cannot read it at present, keep it, and bring it me at Night as I go to Bed, and tell me if you know the Hand.* With that, the Queen-Dauphin left *Madam de Cleve*, but so surpriz'd and astonish'd, she could not a while stir out of her place: It put her into that impatience and trouble, she was not able to stay at the Queen's Lodgings; but went home, though long before her usual hour of retirement. Her Hand trembled as she held the Letter, her thoughts were perplext, and extremely disorder'd; and the trouble she was in no less new than insupportable: As soon as she got into her Closet, she open'd the Letter, and found it to this effect.

The LETTER.

I have lov'd you too well, to let you believe the change you observe in me is an effect of Lightness; I am going to tell you, your Infidelity is the cause of it; you will be surpriz'd I charge you with unfaithfulness; you have

kept it from me so cunningly, and I have been at so much pains to conceal from you my knowledge of it, you have reason enough to be astonish'd at the discovery. I wonder at my self I have been able so long, not to let you know something of it. Never was affliction equal to mine, I believ'd you had for me a violent Passion; I scrupl'd as little the owning that I had for you. The very time I made you a full discovery of it, I found my self deceiv'd, that you were in love with another, and in all appearance made a Sacrifice of me to your new Mistress: I came to the knowledge of it the day you ran at the Ring, which was the cause I was not at the Sight: To hide the disorder of my mind, I feign'd my self sick, and quickly became really so; my Body being too weak to support and endure the violent agitations within me: when I began to recover, I still pretended my self very ill, to furnish my self with an Excuse for not seeing, or writing to you. I was willing to have time to resolve how to deal with you; I took, and I quitted, twenty times the same resolutions: At last I thought you unworthy to be made acquainted with my grief, and resolv'd you should not know it. I was willing to bring down your pride, by letting you see my Passion (of it self) grow weaker and weaker: I thought it the way to lessen the value of the Sacrifice you made of me, and was loth

loth you should have the pleasure of appearing more amiable in the Eyes of another, by shewing her how deeply I lov'd you: I resolv'd my Letters to you should be cold and indifferent, that she you gave them to might perceive (or imagine at least) my Love at an end: I was unwilling she should have the pleasure to find I knew she triumph'd over me, or the advantage to set off her triumph with my despair, and my reproaches: To break with you, I thought too small a punishment for you; and that it would have troubled you but little to find I lov'd you no longer, when you had first forsaken me. I knew it necessary you should love me, to feel the smart of not being lov'd, which afflicted me so sore. I was of opinion, if any thing could make you love me as you had done, it must be to let you see my affection was chang'd; but so to let you see it as if I would have hid it from you, and had not the power to own it to you. This resolution I adher'd to, I found it difficult to take, and (when I saw you) I thought it impossible to execute. I was an hundred times ready to break out into Reproaches and Lamentations: My indisposition serv'd me for a disguise, to hide from you the affliction and trouble I was in. By degrees I found pleasure in dissembling with you, as you did with me: But it went so much against the Grain, to tell you, or write to you,
that

that I lov'd you; you quickly perceiv'd I had no mind to let you see my affection was alter'd: This touch'd you, you complain'd; I endeavour'd to confirm you in an opinion of my constancy, but it was in a way so strange, and so forc'd, it convinc'd you the more I had no more love for you. In a word, I did all I intended to have done: the further I fled from you, the more eagerly you sought me, so fantastical was your humour; this gave me all the pleasure a full revenge is capable to bestow: It was clear to me you lov'd me more than ever, and I let you see I had no love for you: you gave me cause to believe you had entirely abandon'd her, for whose sake you had forsaken me; and I had some reason to think you had never spoke to her of me, but your Repentance and Discretion could not make amends for your Lightness and Inconstancy: your affection hath been divided between me and another, and you have deceiv'd me: This is enough to take away all the pleasure of being lov'd by you, as I thought I deserv'd, and to make me persist in the Resolution I have taken never to see you more, which so much surprises you.

Madam de Cleve read the Letter again and again, yet knew not what she read: she perceiv'd only, Monsieur de Nemours was not so in love with her as she had thought, but

but lov'd others, who were no less deceiv'd in him than she. What a Discovery was this for a Person of her humour, who had a violent Passion, who had newly given Evidence of it to a Man she judg'd unworthy of it; and to another she us'd ill for love of him! Never was grief so cutting as hers; she imputed the sharpness of it to that days adventures, and that if Monsieur *de Nemours* had not had occasion to believe she lov'd him, she would not have car'd for his loving another: Yet she did but deceive herself, the Disease she was sick of, and thought so intollerable, was Jealousie, with all its horrible Attendants: This Letter discover'd to her a piece of Gallantry Monsieur *de Nemours* had long been engag'd in. She saw the Lady who had written the Letter, was a Person of Wit and Merit; she thought her one that deserv'd his love, and of more courage than her self; and envy'd the power she had to conceal her Passion from Monsieur *de Nemours*: The close of the Letter gave her cause to believe that Person thought her self lov'd; she was presently of opinion the discretion that Prince had made shew of to her, and she had been so taken with, was perhaps but the effect of his Passion for the other, whom he fear'd to displease. In a word, all her thoughts were so many torments, to
heighten

heighten her affliction, and occasion despair. What Reflections did she make on her self, and the Counsels her Mother had given her ! How did she repent her not having persisted in her Resolution of quitting the World, though without the leave of *Monsieur de Cleve* ; or her not having pursu'd the intention she had of confessing to him the inclination she had for *Monsieur de Nemours* ? She thought she had better have discover'd it to a Husband, whose goodness she was assur'd of, and who would have been concern'd to conceal it ; than to have let a Man know it who was altogether unworthy of it, who deceiv'd her, and perhaps made a Sacrifice of her ; and car'd no more for her love, than to have matter thence to feed his Pride and Vanity. In a word, she thought no greater mischief could befall her, nor she have done worse, than to have given *Monsieur de Nemours* occasion to believe she lov'd him ; and to have since found he was in love with another. All the comfort she had, was, to believe, that having discover'd his falseness, it would perfectly cure her of the inclination she had for him.

She never thought of the order the Queen-Dauphin had given her, to be with her at her going to Bed ; but went to Bed her self, pretending she was ill : so that when *Monsieur*

sieur de Cleve came from the King, they told him she was asleep; but she was far enough from being so well at rest, afflicting her self all Night, and reading over the Letter she had in her Hand.

Madam de Cleve was not the sole Person this Letter disturb'd. The *Vidame de Chartres*, who in truth had lost it, was in no small trouble for it: He had pass'd that Evening at the Duke of *Guise's*, who had treated at Supper, his Brother-in-Law, the Duke of *Ferrara*, and all the young People of the Court. As Fortune would have it, they discours'd at Supper of Letters; the *Vidame* told them, he had about him the finest that ever was writ: They press'd him to shew it, but he deny'd. *Monsieur de Nemours* insisted he had no such Letter, and that he talk'd vainly. The *Vidame* answer'd, he put him very hard to't, yet he would not shew him the Letter, but would read part of it, which would give them cause to judge few Men receiv'd the like. Having said this, he would have taken out the Letter, but could not find it: He search'd for it, but to no purpose; the Company jeer'd him as if he never had any such; but he was so vex'd at the loss, that they forbore speaking further of it. He retir'd before the rest of the Company, and with great impatience went home, to
search

search for the Letter he miss'd. As he was in search of it, a Page of the Queens came to tell him that the Viscountels *d'Usez* had thought it necessary to give him speedy intelligence, that at the Queens Lodgings they discours'd of a Letter of Gallantry dropp'd out of his Pocket as he was at Tennis: That they had recited part of what was written in it; that the Queen seem'd very desirous to see it; that she had sent to one of her Gentlemen for it, but he answer'd he had given it *Chastelart*.

The Page added other Particulars which heighten'd the *Vidame's* trouble. He went presently to a Gentleman who was very intimate with *Chastelart*, and (though at a very unseasonable hour) made him get up out of Bed, to go ask *Chastelart* for the Letter, without letting him know who enquir'd for it, or had lost it. *Chastelart* fully possess'd the Lettèr belong'd to Monsieur *de Nemours*, and that he was in love with the Queen-Dauphin, made no doubt but he had sent in search of it, and with a malicious joy answer'd he had deliver'd it to the Queen-Dauphin. The Gentleman brought the *Vidame* this Answer, which added to his trouble: After long debate what course to take, he saw Monsieur *de Nemours* was the only Person could help him out of the trouble he was in. He

He went to his House, and enter'd his Chamber at peep of Day: The Prince was fast asleep, the kindness of *Madam de Cleve* the day before having given him such pleasing thoughts, that he rested very sweetly that Night. He was surpriz'd to find himself awaken'd by the *Vidame* of *Chartres*, and ask'd him if it was to be reveng'd of him for what he had said at Supper, that he was come thus early to break his rest? The *Vidame's* looks gave him quickly to understand his business was very serious; 'I am come, *says he*, to trust you with the most important Affair of my Life: I know very well you are not oblig'd to me for the confidence, because I do it in a time I stand in need of your help; but I am satisfi'd withal I should have lost your esteem, had I acquainted you with what I am going to tell you, without being forc'd to it by absolute necessity. I have dropp'd the Letter I spoke of yesterday, it concerns me extremely, no one should know it was address'd to me. Several who were at the Tennis-Court yesterday, where I dropp'd it, have seen it. You were there, and I beg the favour you would own you have lost it. Sure, *says Monsieur de Nemours, smiling*, you think I have not such a thing as a Mistress in the World, that you can make me a Proposal of
'this

‘ this Nature, as if there were not a Person
‘ living would fall out with me upon notice
‘ of my receiving Letters of that sort. ‘ I
‘ pray, Sir, *says the Vidame*, be serious: If
‘ you have a Mistress, (as I question not but
‘ you have, though I know her not,) you
‘ will easily justify your self, and I will put
‘ you in an infallible way for it: If you should
‘ not justify your self, the worst you can
‘ fear is a short falling out: My case is much
‘ worse; by this unlucky Adventure, I shall
‘ dishonour a Person who hath passionately
‘ lov’d me, and is one of the most Enestima-
‘ ble Women of the World; besides, I shall
‘ procure my self her implacable hatred to the
‘ certain ruine of my Fortune, and perhaps
‘ something more. ‘ I understand you not,
‘ *answers Monsieur de Nemours*; but I be-
‘ gin methinks to discover the reports we
‘ have had of a great Princess being con-
‘ cern’d for you, are not without ground.
‘ They are not, *replies the Vidame*, but I
‘ wish they had been so; I should not have
‘ been then in the trouble you see me in. I
‘ will tell you all, to convince you what a
‘ condition I am in.

‘ Ever since I came to Court the Queen
‘ hath been pleas’d to use me with particular
‘ favour, and hath given me cause to believe
‘ she hath kindness for me: Yet so, that I
‘ never

' never entertain'd any thought of her but
 ' what was full of respect. I was deeply in
 ' love with Madam *de Themines* ; you who
 ' have seen her, may easily judge it was not
 ' strange any one should love her, if she lov'd
 ' him as she did me. Near two years since,
 ' the Court being at *Fountainbleau*, I was two
 ' or three times in discourse with the Queen
 ' when there was very little company: I
 ' thought my sense pleas'd her, and that she
 ' approv'd what-ever I said. One day she fell
 ' into a Discourse of Confidence ; I told her
 ' there was not a Person in the World I could
 ' entirely confide in, that I found many had
 ' repented of having done it, and that I
 ' knew several things I had never spoken of.
 ' The Queen told me, she esteem'd me the bet-
 ' ter for't, that she had not found a Person
 ' in *France* could keep a Secret ; and that
 ' nothing troubl'd her more, because it de-
 ' priv'd her of the pleasure of having a Con-
 ' fident ; than which nothing more necessa-
 ' ry, especially for those of her Quality :
 ' she fell several times after into the like dis-
 ' course, and made me acquainted with very
 ' particular Passages : At last I thought she
 ' had a mind to learn some Secret of mine,
 ' and to trust me with hers : I was so sensi-
 ' ble of this distinguishing favour, it engag'd
 ' me strictly to her, and I made my Court to

K

' her

'her with more assiduity than ordinary. One
 'Evening the King, and the Ladies, went on
 'Horseback into the Forrest to take the Air;
 'the Queen went not, being a little indispos'd,
 'I staid to wait on her, she walk'd down to
 'the Pond side, and to be at more liberty,
 'would not be handed by the Gentlemen-
 'Ushers: Having taken a turn or two, she
 'came to me and bid me follow her: *I would*
speak with you, says she, and by what I shall say
to you, you will find I am your Friend. She
 stopp'd there, and look'd earnestly on me;
You are in love, says she, and because you have
made no one your Confident, you think your love
is not known; but it is, and to Persons who
are concern'd at it: You are observ'd, the place
where you see your Mistress is discover'd, and
there is a design to surprize you: I know not
your Mistress, nor do I ask you who she is; but
would arm you against the Plots that are laid
for you. 'Observe, Sir, what a Snare this
 'was from a Queen, and how hard to escape:
 'She had a mind to know if I was in love,
 'and not asking whom I lov'd, but letting me
 'see her pure intentions of doing me a kind-
 'ness, she put it out of my thoughts to suspect
 'her of Curiosity, much less of Design.

'But against all probability, I came to a
 'discovery of the truth, I was in love with
 'Madam de Themines; but though she lov'd
 'me,

‘ me, I was not so happy to have particular
 ‘ places to see her, or to fear a surprize. I
 ‘ easily saw ’twas not she the Queen spoke of:
 ‘ I knew well enough I had some concern of
 ‘ Gallantry with a Woman less handsome,
 ‘ and less severe than Madam de Themines,
 ‘ and it was not impossible the place I us’d to
 ‘ meet her might have been discover’d; but
 ‘ that was a business I so little car’d for, I
 ‘ could easily prevent any danger, by for-
 ‘ bearing to see her: Thus I resolv’d not to
 ‘ confess any thing to the Queen, but assur’d
 ‘ her I had long laid aside the desire of gain-
 ‘ ing the love of Women, where I might
 ‘ hope for success, having found them al-
 ‘ most all unworthy the Engagement of an
 ‘ honest Man; and that I was now altoge-
 ‘ ther for something above them.. You do
 not answer me truly, replys the Queen, I am
 assur’d of the contrary. The manner of my
 speaking to you, should oblige you to hide no-
 thing from me. I am willing, adds she, you
 should be one of my Friends, but not willing
 (having taken you into that Number) to be ig-
 norant how you are engag’d. See whether the
 Place of being my Friend be too dear at the
 Price of making me your Confident: I give you
 two days to think on’t, but after that time I
 expect your answer; and remember, if I find
 you deceive me, I shall never pardon you.

' Having said this, the Queen left me,
 ' without expecting my answer: You may be-
 ' lieve she had said enough to employ my
 ' thoughts: I did not think the two days she
 ' had allowed me too long a time to come to
 ' Resolution. I saw she was willing to know
 ' if I was in love, and that she did not much
 ' desire I should be so. I consider'd the Con-
 ' sequences of the Engagement I was entering
 ' into. My Vanity was tickl'd with the fan-
 ' cy of having a particular Intrigue with a
 ' Queen, and a Queen whose Person is ex-
 ' tremely amiable: On the other side, I lov'd
 ' Madam de *Themines*, and could not find
 ' in my Heart to break with her quite; though
 ' I committed a Petty-Treason against her, by
 ' my Engagement with the other I formerly
 ' told you of. I apprehended the danger I
 ' should expose my self to, if I deceiv'd the
 ' Queen, and how hard it would be to do it:
 ' Yet I could not resolve to refuse what For-
 ' tune offer'd me, but was willing to run the
 ' hazard of any thing my ill Conduct might
 ' bring upon me: I broke with that Woman
 ' where I fear'd a discovery, and was in
 ' hopes to conceal the intelligence I held
 ' with Madam de *Themines*.

' At the two days end I enter'd the Cham-
 ' ber where the Queen was with all the La-
 ' dies about her; she said aloud, and with a
 ' Gra-

' Gravity that surpriz'd me, *Have you thought*
of the Business I gave you in Charge, and found
out the truth of it? ' Yes, Madam, an-
 ' swer'd I, and 'tis as I told your Majesty.
Come in the Evening when I am a writing, re-
plys she, and you shall have further order.
 ' Having made a profound Reverence, I
 ' withdrew without further answer, and fail'd
 ' not to attend at the hour assign'd: I found
 ' her in the Gallery, with her Secretary and
 ' one of her Women: As soon as she saw me,
 ' she came to me and took me to the other
 ' end of the Gallery: *well, says she, upon se-*
cond thoughts, have you nothing to say to me?
And my usage of you, doth it not deserve you
should deal sincerely with me? My sincerity,
 ' Madam, reply'd I, is the cause I have no-
 ' thing to say; and I swear to your Majesty,
 ' with all the respect due to your Majesty, I
 ' have no Engagement with any Woman of
 ' the Court. *I will believe it, says she, because I*
wish it so; and I wish it, because I desire to have
you entirely mine, and that it would be im-
possible I should be satisfied with your Friendship
if you are in love: there is no trusting those
that are so, there's no relying on their secrecie:
the Partiality they have for their Mistresses,
who still take up the first room in their thoughts,
suits not with the manner I would have you en-
gag'd to me: Remember then that upon your giv-
ing

ing me your word you are not otherwise engag'd, I Chuse you for my Confident: Remember I would have you entirely mine, and that you must have no Friend of either Sex, but such as I please to allow you; and that you are to quit all cares, but that of pleasing me. You shall not lose your Fortune by it, I shall take more care of it than you can your self; and whatever I do for you I shall think it well bestow'd, if you answer my expectation of you. I have made choice of you to make you acquainted with all my Grievs, and to help me out of them. You may judge they are no mean ones: I endure in appearance, with very little pain, the King's Engagement with the Duchess of Valentinois, but 'tis insupportable. She Governs the King, she deludes him, she cheats him; she slights me, she hates me, she hath debauch'd my Servants, they are all at her beck: The Queen, my Daughter-in-Law, is so proud of her Beauty, and the Credit of her Uncles, she pays me no respect. The Constable Montmorency is Master of the King, and his Kingdom: He hates me, and hath given proofs of his hatred I shall never forget. The Marshal St. Andre is a fiery young Favourite, who uses me no better than the rest; you would pity me, should I give you a particular account of my misfortunes: Till now I never durst trust any Man with them; I trust you, give me no cause to repent
it,

*it, and let me have comfort of you. ' As she
' said these words, her Eyes reddened: I was
' so sensible of the goodness she had express'd
' for me, I was going to throw my self at
' her Feet. From that day she plac'd entire
' confidence in me, and did nothing with-
' out first advising with me; and I have
' ever since maintain'd a Correspondence
' which holds to this day.*

The End of the second Book.

THE
PRINCESSE
OF
CLEVE.

BOOK III.

‘**B**Usie as I was, and full of my new En-
‘gagement to the Queen, I held fair
‘and firm with Madam *de Themines*, by a na-
‘tural inclination it was not in my power to
‘vanquish: Yet methoughts she cool’d in
‘her love of me; and where, had I been
‘wise, I should have made use of the change
‘observ’d in her for my Cure; it doubled my
‘love, and I mannag’d it so ill, that the
‘Queen had some knowledge of it. Jealou-
‘sie is natural to those of her Nation, and per-
‘haps that Princess had a greater affection for
‘me

‘ me than she her self could imagine. At last
‘ the report of my being in love disturb’d and
‘ troubled her to that height, that I thought
‘ my self an hundred times ruin’d in my Cre-
‘ dit with her: But diligence, submission, and
‘ false Oaths brought me again into favour:
‘ Yet it would not have been in my power to
‘ have deceiv’d her long, had not Madam *de*
‘ *Themines*, fore against my will, disengag’d
‘ me from her. She made it appear her love
‘ for me was at an end, and I was so con-
‘ vinc’d of it, that I was forc’d to torment her
‘ no further, but let her alone. A short time
‘ after she writ me the Letter I have lost: by
‘ it I perceiv’d she knew the Commerce I had
‘ with that Woman I told you of, and that
‘ her Change proceeded from thence. Thence-
‘ forward the Queen was well satisfied with
‘ me, being no longer divided as formerly:
‘ But the Sentiments I have for her being not
‘ of a nature to render me incapable of en-
‘ gaging elsewhere, and Love being not a
‘ thing depends on our Choice, I fell in love
‘ with Madam *de Martigues*, for whom I had
‘ no small inclination, when she was *Villemon-*
‘ *tar’s* Maid of Honour to the Queen-
‘ Dauphin. I had reason to believe she did
‘ not hate me. The discretion I made shew
‘ of, (she not knowing all the Reasons of it,)
‘ pleas’d her very well: The Queen hath no
‘ su-

‘suspicion of me on that side, but has on
‘another account which proves no less trou-
‘blesome: Madam *de Martigues* being every
‘day at the Queen-Dauphin’s, I frequent her
‘Lodgings oftner than ordinary: the Queen
‘fancy’s I am in love with that Princess.
‘The quality of Madam *La-Dauphine* being
‘equal to the Queens, and her beauty and
‘youth above hers, have made the Queen
‘jealous even to fury, and fill’d her with a
‘hatred she can no longer conceal against her
‘Daughter-in-Law: The Cardinal of *Lorrain*,
‘who (I have long thought) aspires the
‘Queen’s favour, and sees me possess a place
‘he would willingly be in, under pretence of
‘reconciling the Queens, is become con-
‘cern’d in the differences between them. I
‘make no doubt but he hath discover’d the
‘true Cause of the Queen’s anger, and I
‘believe he does me all kinds of ill Offices,
‘without letting her see he doth it on design:
‘This is the state of my present condition;
‘judge you what effect the Letter I have lost
‘may produce, which I unfortunately put in-
‘to my Pocket to restore it to Madam *de*
‘*Themines*. If the Queen see this Letter,
‘she will know I have deceiv’d her; and that
‘almost the same time I deceiv’d her by Ma-
‘dam *de Themines*, I deceiv’d Madam *de*
‘*Themines* by another: Judge you what she
‘will

' will think of me then, and whether she
 ' will ever trust my words more. If she see
 ' not the Letter, what shall I say to her?
 ' She knows it hath been given the Queen-
 ' Dauphin, she will believe *Chastelart* knew
 ' her Hand, and that the Letter was hers:
 ' she will imagine her self perhaps the Person,
 ' she that wrote the Letter declares her self
 ' jealous of. In a word, she hath occasion
 ' to think any thing, and there is nothing so
 ' bad but I have cause to fear from her
 ' thoughts: besides, I am heartily concern'd
 ' for *Madam de Martigues*, the Queen-
 ' Dauphin will certainly shew her this Letter,
 ' which she will believe lately writ; thus
 ' shall I be embroyl'd with the Person, whom
 ' of all the World I love most, no less than
 ' with the Person, whom of all the World I
 ' have most cause to fear. See now whether
 ' I have not reason to conjure you to own
 ' the Letter as yours, and to beg the favour
 ' of you to get it out of the Queen-Dauphin's
 ' Hands.

' I am very well satisfi'd, *answers Monsieur*
 ' *de Nemours*, you are sufficiently perplex'd;
 ' and it cannot be deny'd but you very well
 ' deserve it. I have been charg'd with un-
 ' faithfulness in my Amours, and being en-
 ' gag'd at the same time in several Gallan-
 ' tries; but you have so far out-done me, I
 ' durst

‘durst not have imagin’d what you have undertaken: Could you pretend to hold fair with *Madam de Themines*, and keep her firm to you, being engag’d to the Queen? Could you hope to engage with the Queen, and deceive her? She is an *Italian*, and a Queen, and consequently full of suspicions of Jealousie, and of Pride. When your good Fortune, rather than your good Conduct, had set you at liberty from the Engagements you were formerly concern’d in, you enter’d into new; and fancy’d that in the midst of the Court you could be in love with *Madam de Martigues* and the Queen not know it: You could not have been too careful of taking from her the shame of having made the first motion: she has for you a violent Passion; you have more discretion than to tell it me, and I, than to ask you of it: Certain it is she loves you, and intrusts you; and the truth is, you are to be blam’d. Is it your part, Sir, to chide me, *says the Vidame*, interrupting him; and are not you concern’d to be indulgent to faults within your Experience? ‘I confess I am to blame, but think, I conjure you, how to get me out of this Abyss: I think you must go see the Queen-Dauphin as soon as she awakes, and ask her for the Letter as if you had lost it. ‘I have told you already, *replies Monsieur*

‘*sieur de Nemours*, the thing you propose is
 ‘somewhat extraordinary, and there are dif-
 ‘ficulties in it, I am (upon my own ac-
 ‘count) very loth to engage in. But if the
 ‘Letter hath been seen to drop out of your
 ‘Pocket, how shall I perswade them it
 ‘dropp’d out of mine? ‘I thought I had
 ‘told you, *says the Vidame*, the Queen-
 ‘Dauphin hath been inform’d you had dropp’d
 ‘it. ‘How, *replies Monsieur de Nemours*,
 ‘hastily, (apprehending the ill consequence
 ‘the mistake might be of to him with Ma-
 ‘dam *de Cleve*,) Have they told the Queen-
 ‘Dauphin I dropp’d the Letter? ‘Yes, *says*
 ‘*the Vidame*, they have told her so: And
 ‘the reason of the mistake is, there were se-
 ‘veral of the Queen’s Gentlemen in a Cham-
 ‘ber belonging to the Tennis-Court, where
 ‘our Clothes were put up, and your Ser-
 ‘vants and mine went together to fetch
 ‘them: Then it was the Letter was dropp’d,
 ‘those Gentlemen gather’d it up and read it
 ‘aloud; some thought it was yours, others
 ‘thought it mine: *Chastelart*, who took it,
 ‘told me just now, as I ask’d him for it, that
 ‘he had given it the Queen-Dauphin as a
 ‘Letter of yours: And those who spoke of it
 ‘to the Queen, have unfortunately said it
 ‘was mine: You may easily do what I desire,
 ‘and get me out of this trouble.

Mon-

Monfieur *de Nemours* had ever been a great lover of the *Vidame* of *Chartres*, and his near relation to *Madam de Cleve* made him love him the more; yet he could not preſently reſolve to run the hazard of owning that Letter: He fell into a deep ſtudy, and the *Vidame* gueſſing the cauſe of his meditation, ‘I ſee well enough, ſays he, you are
‘afraid of a Broil with your Miſtreſs, and
‘would make me believe it is the Queen-
‘Dauphin; but you have ſo little jealouſie
‘of Monſieur *d’Anville*, I cannot think it is
‘ſhe. However, ’tis not reaſonable you ſhould
‘ſacrifice your Repoſe to mine, and I will put
‘you in a way to convince your Miſtreſs the
‘Letter was directed to me, and not you:
‘See here a Billet from *Madam d’Amboiſe*,
‘who is a Friend of *Madam de Themines*,
‘and her Confident in the Amours between
‘me and her: By this Billet *Madam d’Am-*
‘*boiſe* deſires me to ſend her her Friends Let-
‘ter I have loſt; the Billet is addreſſ’d to me
‘by Name, and the Contents of it are an
‘infallible Proof the Letter ſhe deſires is
‘the ſame they have found. I am content
‘you ſhould take the Billet and ſhew it your
‘Miſtreſs for your juſtification. I conjure
‘you not to loſe a moments time, but go pre-
‘ſently to the Queen-Dauphin’s Lodgings.

Mon-

Monfieur *de Nemours* promis'd to do fo; and took the Billet; yet he design'd not to fee the Queen-Dauphin, but thought he had bufinefs concern'd him more: He made no doubt but ſhe had told Madam *de Cleve* of the Letter, and he could not endure a Perſon he lov'd ſo desperately, ſhould have occaſion to believe him engag'd with another.

He went to her as ſoon as he thought her awake, and ſent her word he would not have deſir'd the honour to ſee her at ſo unſeaſonable an hour, but that he had extraordinary buſinefs. Madam *de Cleve* was a-Bed, troubled with the ſad thoughts ſhe had had all that Night: ſhe was extremely ſurpriz'd to hear Monfieur *de Nemours* ask'd for her; that Nights trouble had made her ſo froward, ſhe preſently answer'd ſhe was not well, and could not ſpeak with him.

Monfieur *de Nemours* was not ſorry for the Repulſe; he thought it no ill Omen ſhe expreſs'd ſome coldneſs at a time ſhe had occaſion to be jealous: He went to the Apartment of Monfieur *de Cleve*, and told him he came from his Ladys, and was much troubled he could not ſpeak with her, upon buſinefs of conſequence that concern'd the *Vidame* of *Chartres*. He gave Monfieur *de Cleve* a ſhort account of the Affair, and he took him along preſently to his Lady's Chamber.

ber. Had she not been in the dark, she could hardly have conceal'd her trouble and astonishment, to see Monsieur de Nemours led into her Chamber, by her Husband. Monsieur de Cleve told her the business was about a Letter, wherein they wanted her help in behalf of the *Vidame*, that she was to consider with Monsieur de Nemours what was to be done, as for him he must go to the King who had newly sent for him.

Monsieur de Nemours had his hearts desire, to be alone with Madam de Cleve; 'I am come to ask you, Madam, says he, if the Queen-Dauphin hath not spoken to you of a Letter *Chastelart* gave her yesterday. She said something to me of it, answers Madam de Cleve; but I do not see how my Uncle can be concern'd in it, being not so much as nam'd in it. 'Tis true, Madam, replies Monsieur de Nemours, he is not nam'd in it; but it was address'd to him, and it highly concerns him you should get it out of the Queen-Dauphin's Hands. I cannot conceive, says Madam de Cleve, how it should concern him to have this Letter seen; and why it should be ask'd for as his. 'If you please to give me the hearing, Madam, replies Monsieur de Nemours, I will presently make you acquainted with the truth; and inform you of matters of so great importance to
the

‘ the *Vidame*, that I would not have trusted
 ‘ the Prince of *Cleve* with them, had I not
 ‘ needed his assistance to have the honour to
 ‘ see you. I suppose what you can say to me
 will be to small purpose, says *Madam de Cleve*,
 very unconcernedly, you were better find out the
Queen-Dauphin, and without going so far a-
 bout, tell her the interest you have in that Let-
 ter, for she hath been inform’d it belongs to
 you.

Monsieur de Nemours was never better
 pleas’d, than to observe some peevishness and
 frowardness in *Madam de Cleve*’s discourse; it
 delighted him so, he was not very hasty to justi-
 fie himself: ‘ I know not, says he, *Madam*,
 ‘ what the *Queen-Dauphin* hath been in-
 ‘ form’d, but I am not at all concern’d in the
 ‘ Letter, it was address’d to the *Vidame*: I
 believe it, replies *Madam de Cleve*, but the
Queen-Dauphin hath been told otherwise; and
 it will not appear very probable to her, a Let-
 ter of the *Vidame*’s should drop out of your
 Pocket; for that reason at least you have no
 cause that I know of to conceal the truth from
 the *Queen-Dauphin*: I advise you to confess it
 to her. ‘ I have nothing to confess to her,
 ‘ says he, the Letter was not address’d to me;
 ‘ and if there be any one I desire should be-
 ‘ lieve so, ’tis not the *Queen-Dauphin*. But,
 ‘ *Madam*, since this business concerns the *Vi-*
 L dame

'*dame* as much as his Fortune is worth, be
'pleas'd to be made acquainted with Passages
'in themselves worthy your Curiosity. Ma-
dam *de Cleve* by her silence shew'd her rea-
diness to hear him, and he with all possible
brevity gave her an account of what the *Vidame*
had told him; though the Passages
were astonishing, and such as deserv'd any
ones attention, Madam *de Cleve* heard them
with that coldness and indifferency as if she
had not believ'd them, or at least not been
any ways concern'd for them: she continu'd
in that temper till Monsieur *de Nemours* told
her of the Billet from Madam *d'Amboise* to
the *Vidame* of *Chartres*, which prov'd all he
said to be true. Madam *de Cleve* knew that
Lady was Madam *de Themines* Friend, and
thought it probable, by what Monsieur *de*
Nemours said, the Letter was not address'd to
him. That very thought suddenly, and in
spight of her, put her out of that coldness
and indifferency she had till then been in.
The Prince having read to her the Billet to
justifie himself, presented it to her, telling
her she might know the Character. She
could not forbear taking it, and examining
the Supercription, if address'd to the *Vidame*,
and reading it all over, that she might the bet-
ter judge whether the Letter that was ask'd
for were the same she had. Monsieur *de Ne-*

mours

mours added what he thought proper to convince her, and easily convinc'd her (of a truth she was very desirous to find) that he was not concern'd in the Letter.

She began then to discourse with him of the trouble and danger the *Vidame* was in, to blame his ill Conduct, and find means to help him. She was astonish'd at the Queens proceeding, and confess'd to Monsieur *de Nemours* she had the Letter. In a word, as soon as she believ'd him innocent, she spoke with freedom and quietness, of the things she before scarce vouchsafed to hear; they agreed the Letter should not be restor'd to the Queen-Dauphin, for fear she should shew it Madam *de Martigues*, who knew the Hand of Madam *de Themines*, and was so concern'd for the *Vidame*, she would easily guess it was address'd to him. Besides, they thought it not proper to acquaint the Queen-Dauphin with all that concern'd her Mother-in-Law, the Queen. Madam *de Cleve* was not a little glad of the Pretence of her Uncle's concern in the case, to be Monsieur *de Nemours*'s Confident of the Secrets he imparted to her.

The Prince would not have confin'd his discourse to the *Vidame*'s concern, but from the liberty he had to entertain her, would have taken a boldness he never yet durst,

had not a Message been brought her, the Queen-Dauphin had sent for her: Monsieur *de Nemours* was forc'd to retire, and went to tell the *Vidame*, that after he had left him he thought it more for the purpose to address himself to *Madam de Cleve* his Niece, than go directly to the Queen-Dauphin. He wanted not Reasons to make him approve of what he had done, and put him in hopes of success.

Madam de Cleve the mean time dress'd her self in all haste to go to the Queen: she scarce entred the Chamber, but the Queen call'd her up to her, and whisper'd her she had look'd for her two long hours, and was never so perplex'd about disguising a truth as she had been that Morning. *The Queen*, says she, *bath heard speak of the Letter I gave you yesterday, and believes it is the Vidame de Chartres let it fall. You know she may be somewhat concern'd on that account: she hath been in search of the Letter, and caus'd Chastelart to be ask'd for it; he told her he had given it me: they ask'd me for it under pretence it was a pretty Letter the Queen had a great mind to see. I durst not tell her you had it, lest she should imagine I had given it you on your Uncle the Vidame's account; and that there might be a Correspondence betwixen me and him. I was satisfi'd it was a trouble to her he saw me so often,*

often, so that I said the Letter was in the Clothes I had on yesterday, and that those who had them in keeping were gone abroad. Give me the Letter quickly, adds she, that I may send it her, and read it before I send it, to see if I know the Hand.

Madam de Cleve found her self in a greater perplexity than she could have expected. I know not what you shall do, Madam, says she; for Monsieur de Cleve, to whom I gave it to read, hath restor'd it to Monsieur de Nemours, who came early this Morning to desire you to let him have it: Monsieur de Cleve had so little wit to tell him he had it, and the weakness to yield to Monsieur de Nemours's request of having it again. You put me into the greatest trouble I can be in, answers the Queen-Dauphin, and have done very ill to give Monsieur de Nemours the Letter you had received of me, and should not have parted with without my leave: what would you have me say to the Queen, and what can she imagine? She will believe, and not without reason, the Letter concerns me, and that there is some great matter between the Vidame and me: she will never be perswaded the Letter belong'd to Monsieur de Nemours. I am very sorry, replies Madam de Cleve, for the trouble I have caus'd you, and believe it great as it is; but 'tis the fault of Monsieur de Cleve, and not mine.

'Tis your fault, says the Queen-Dauphin, in giving him the Letter : No woman but your self makes her Husband acquainted with all she knows. I believe I did ill, Madam, answers Madam de Cleve; but let us think of repairing the Fault, not of examining it. Do not you remember, pretty near, what was in the Letter, says the Queen-Dauphin? Yes Madam, replies Madam de Cleve, I do, having read it several times over. If so, says the Queen-Dauphin, we must presently have it written in a strange Hand, and send it the Queen. She will not strew it those who have seen it; and if she do, I will maintain it the same Chastelart gave me, and he dares not say otherwise.

Madam de Cleve approved of the Expedient, and the more, because it would give her occasion of sending for Monsieur de Nemours, to have the Letter again, to be Copied word for word, and pretty near the Hand it was written in, whereby she thought the Queen would infallibly be deceiv'd. As soon as she came home, she told her Husband the trouble the Queen-Dauphin was in, and pray'd him to send for Monsieur de Nemours : He was sent for, and came presently. Madam de Cleve told him all she had inform'd her Husband of, and ask'd him for the Letter. Monsieur de Nemours answer'd he had restor'd it

to the *Vidame*, who was so glad of it, that he sent it immediately to Madam de *Thermines's* Friend: Madam de *Cleve* was now in fresh trouble; having consulted awhile, they resolved to frame a Letter by memory, they lock'd themselves up to do it; order was given at the Gate no person should come in; Monsieur de *Nemours* Attendants were all sent home; such an appearance of Confidence was no small Charm to Monsieur de *Nemours*, and even to Madam de *Cleve*: Her Husband's being by, and her Uncle being so deeply concern'd in the matter, satisfi'd all her scruples: the sight of Monsieur de *Nemours* pleas'd her so well, it gave her a joy so pure and sincere, she never had the like: This made her so free, and so jovial, Monsieur de *Nemours* had never seen her so before, and was more passionately in love with her than ever: He never had a more pleasant time, which made him more lively and chearful; and when Madam de *Cleve* would begin to think of the Letter and write, he instead of helping her, in good earnest did but interrupt her, and speak pleasantly to her: Madam de *Cleve* was gay as he, so that they were long lock'd up together, and two Messengers were come from the Queen-Dauphin to bid Madam de *Cleve* hasten, before they had finish'd the Letter half.

Monfieur *de Nemours* was fo willing to prolong time that pleas'd him fo well, he forgot his Friends Intereft. Madam *de Cleve* too was fo far from being tyr'd with her Entertainment, ſhe forgot the intereſt of her Uncle. At laſt with much ado the Letter was ſcarce ready by four a Clock, and fo ill done, and the Character fo unlike the Original, that the Queen muſt have taken ſmall care to find out the truth of it, if they could have impos'd on her ſo: But as careful as they were, and earneſt to perſwade her, the Letter was addreſt to Monſieur *de Nemours*; ſhe was not deceiv'd, but fully convinc'd it belong'd to the *Vidame*: Beſides, ſhe believ'd the Queen-Dauphin concern'd in it, and that there was a Correſpondence between them: This heightned her hatred againſt that Princeſs to that degree, that ſhe never pardon'd her, or ceas'd perſecuting her, till ſhe had driven her out of *France*.

As for the *Vidame* it utterly ruin'd him; and whether the Cardinal of *Lorrain* had already hit the way to pleaſe her, or that the adventure of this Letter, having made it appear ſhe had been deceiv'd in the *Vidame*, help'd her to find out other tricks he had plaid her, certain it is, he never after could recover her favour; their Correſpondence was broke, and at length ſhe loſt him in the
Con-

Conspiracy of *Amboise*, wherein he had a hand,

When the Letter was sent to the Queen-Dauphin, Monsieur *de Cleve*, and Monsieur *de Nemours* went their way. Madam *de Cleve* being alone, and no longer supported with the joy infus'd by the presence of one she lov'd, was like one newly awak'd out of a dream; she was astonish'd to consider the prodigious difference between her condition the night before, and that she was now in: she remembred how sharp and how cold she had appear'd to Monsieur *de Nemours*, while she thought the Letter from Madam *de Thermes* was addrest to him; and what a calm, what a pleasure succeeded immediately, as soon as he had perswaded her the Letter concern'd him not: When she reflected how she reproach'd her self as Criminal, for having the day before given him only some marks of her pity, and that by her sharpness this morning she gave him cause to believe her jealous (the infallible proof of passion) she thought she was not her self: when she consider'd further, Monsieur *de Nemours* easily saw she knew him in love with her; and that notwithstanding that knowledge, she had been so far from using him the worse for it, even in her Husbands company, that on the contrary, she had never look'd on him so favou-

favourably, which was the reason Monsieur *de Cleve* had sent for him to pass the afternoon together in private : she found she had something in her held intelligence with Monsieur *de Nemours*, that she deceiv'd a Husband who of all men least deserv'd it, and she was asham'd to appear to him that lov'd her, so little worthy his Esteem ; that which troubled her most, was the thought of her condition the night past, and what piercing griefs she was under while she thought Monsieur *de Nemours* was in love with another ; and that she was deceiv'd in him when she fancy'd her self the object of his passion.

Never till then had she been acquainted with the mortal inquietudes of jealousy and distrust ; she had apply'd all her cares to save her self from being in love with Monsieur *de Nemours*, and had not begun to fear his being in love with another : though the suspicions the Letter gave her were vanish'd, yet they left her sensible she might be deceiv'd, and gave her impressions of jealousy and distrust, she had till then been altogether a stranger to : she was amaz'd she had not yet consider'd how improbable it was a Man so inconstant towards Women as Monsieur *de Nemours* had always been, could be capable of a sincere and durable ingagement ; she thought it next to impossible she could ever be

be satisfi'd of the truth of his passion, But if I should, says she, what would I do? would I endure it? would I answer it? would I ingage in a piece of Gallantry? would I be false to Monsieur de Cleve? would I be false to my self? would I, in a word, expose my self to the deadly sorrows, to the mortifying penitence Love is attended with? I am vanquish'd, I am conquer'd by an inclination which sways me, which drags me along in spite of my heart; my resolutions are vain; I thought yesterday all I think now, and act to day quite contrary to yesterdays resolutions; I must withdraw my self from the presence of Monsieur de Nemours, I must go into the Country, how extravagant soever my journey appear; and if Monsieur de Cleve be obstinate to the contrary, or to know the reason of it, will it be any harm to him or my self to let him know it. She continued in this resolution, and staid all that Evening at home, without going to enquire of the Queen-Dauphin, what was become of the false Letter of the Vidame.

When Monsieur de Cleve return'd home, she told him she had a desire to go into the Country, that she was not very well, and it would do her good to take the air: Monsieur de Cleve, in whose eyes she appear'd so beautiful, that he could not imagine her indisposition considerable, laught at the proposal, and an-

answer'd, she forgot the Marriage of the Princess, and the Tournament were nigh at hand ; and that she had not too much time for preparation, to appear there with magnificence equal to that of other Ladies : Her Husbonds reasons alter'd not her mind, she intreated he would be pleas'd, while he went with the King to *Compiègne*, she might go to *Colonniers*, a fair House then a building, within a days journey of *Paris*. Monsieur *de Cleve* gave his consent ; she went thither with design not to return quickly ; the King took his Progress for *Compiègne*, intending a short stay there.

Monsieur *de Nemours* was much griev'd he had not seen Madam *de Cleve* since the Afternoon he had past so pleasantly in her company, to the strengthening of his hopes ; he was under that impatience to see her again, that he could not rest ; so that when the King return'd to *Paris*, he resolv'd to go to his Sisters the Duchess of *Merçœur's* in *Champagne*, hard by *Colonniers*. He ask'd the *Vidame* to go with him ; he easily consented : Monsieur *de Nemours* made the proposal, in hopes to see Madam *de Cleve*, by going with the *Vidame* to her house.

Madam *de Merçœur* received them with a great deal of joy, and made it her business to give them all the pleasures and divertisements

ments of the Country: One day as they were a Hunting a Buck, Monsieur de Nemours lost himself in the Forrest; and enquiring the way, he was told, he was near *Colonniers*. At that word, without further consideration, or knowing on what design, he gallop'd away full speed towards *Colonniers*. As he rode, he came to made-VVays, and Walks which he thought led him toward the Castle: At the end of those Walks he found a Pavillion, with a large Bower on either side, one whereof open'd towards a Garden of Flowers, and was separated from the Forrest only by Pales, the other fac'd a great VValk in the Park. He entered the Pavillion, and would have spent time in observing the beauty of it, but that he saw in the VValk Monsieur and Madam de Cleve attended with a numerous Train of their Domesticks: He expected not to have found Monsieur de Cleve there, whom he had left with the King; this made him think of hiding himself. He entered the Bower opening to the Flower-Garden, as having the convenience of a door opening to the Forrest, at which, upon occasion, he might get out: But having observ'd Madam de Cleve and her Husband set under the Pavillion, and their Domesticks staying behind in the Park, and having no way to come to him, without passing through

through the place Monsieur and Madam *de Cleve* were in, he could not forbear taking the pleasure of a sight of the Princess, nor resist the Curiosity of hearkening to her discourse with a Husband who gave him more jealousy than any of his Rivals.

He heard Mounseigneur *de Cleve* say to his Lady, 'But why will you not return to *Paris*? 'what is it can keep you here in the Country? You have of late an inclination for solitude that amazes me, and troubles me extremely, because it occasions our separation: besides I see you are more melancholly than ordinary, and I am afraid you have some cause of grief. 'I am not under any trouble, *says she as one very much perplex'd*; 'but there is such a bustle at Court, and such a multitude of people always at your House, 'it is impossible but it should tire both Body and Soul, and I cannot but desire a place of retirement and repose. 'Repose, *answers he*, is not proper for a Person of your age; 'you are both at home and at Court in a condition that cannot occasion your weariness; 'I rather fear you have a desire of living apart from me. 'You would do me extreme wrong, should you think so, *says she, more and more perplex'd*; but let me beg of you 'leave me here. 'Could you stay here, and 'without company, I should be very glad of it;

' it; if you could be content not to have about
 ' you that infinite of Visitants that almost ne-
 ' ver leave you to your self. Ah! Madam,
 ' *crys Monsieur de Cleve*, your Countenance
 ' and your Expressions tell me plainly, you
 ' have reasons to desire to be alone, which I
 ' do not know, but I conjure you to tell me
 ' them: He press'd her long, but could not
 ' prevail with her to tell him, having long
 ' deny'd him in such a manner as still increas'd
 ' his Curiosity: she continued silent a while,
 with her Eyes to the Ground; and then
 suddenly looking upon him, ' Force me not,
 ' *says she*, to confels to you a thing I have not the
 ' power to declare, though I have often design'd
 ' it: Think only 'tis not prudent a Woman of
 ' my age, and Mistress of her Conduct should
 ' remain expos'd in the middle of the Court.
 ' What a Prospect have you given me, Ma-
 ' dam, *crys Monsieur de Cleve*, I do not tell
 ' you what it is, for fear of giving you of-
 ' fence? She answer'd not a word, and her
 silence confirming the thoughts of her Hus-
 band. ' You tell me nothing, *says he* and
 ' that tells me clearly I am not mistaken. Ah!
 ' Sir, *says she*, falling down on her Knees, I
 ' am going to make a Confession no Woman
 ' ever made to her Husband, yet the inno-
 ' cence of my Intentions and Conduct give
 ' me power to do it: 'Tis true I have reasons
 to

' to absent from Court, and to avoid the dan-
 ' gers Persons of my age are in there: I have
 ' never been guilty of giving any Mark of weak-
 ' nefs, and I cannot fear I ever shall, if you allow
 ' me the liberty to retire from Court, or if I
 ' had still *Madam de Chartres* to assist me in
 ' my Conduct: As dangerous as is the course
 ' I take, I take it with joy to preserve my self
 ' worthy of you: I ask your pardon a thou-
 ' sand times if I have any Sentiments displease
 ' you, assure your self my Actions never shall.
 ' Think that to do as I do requires more kind-
 ' nefs and esteem for a Husband than ever
 ' Wife had. Dispose of me, direct me,
 ' have pity on me; and if you can, still love
 ' me.

Monsieur *de Cleve* all the while she spoke
 lean'd his Head on his Hand, almost besides
 himself, and never thought of making her
 rise up from the posture she was in. When
 she had done speaking, and he fix'd his Eyes
 on her and saw her at his Feet, her Face no
 less drown'd in tears, than admirable for beau-
 ty, he was ready to dye for grief; and ta-
 king her up in his Arms, ' Have you pity on
 ' me, Madam, *says he*, for I need and deserve
 ' it; and pardon me if in the first Assault of
 ' a grief so violent as mine is, I answer not as
 ' I ought such a proceeding as yours: I think
 ' you more worthy esteem and admiration,
 ' than

‘ than any Woman that ever was ; and my
‘ self the most unfortunate of Men. I have
‘ been passionately in love with you from the
‘ first moment I saw you : Neither your se-
‘ verity, nor the enjoyment of you, was ever
‘ able to abate it in the least ; it continues
‘ still at the height : It was never in my power
‘ to make you in love with me, and I see
‘ now you fear you have inclination for ano-
‘ ther : Who, Madam, is the happy Man that
‘ causes your fear ? How long hath he had
‘ the good fortune to please you ; what was
‘ it he did to please you ; what way did he
‘ find to gain your affection ? It was some
‘ comfort to me for my misfortune of failing
‘ it, to think it was impossible for any one to
‘ obtain. Another the while hath done what
‘ I have not been able, and I have at once the
‘ jealousy both of a Husband and a Lover.
‘ But ’tis impossible to retain that of a Hus-
‘ band, after a proceeding like yours ; it is
‘ too noble and generous not to give me an
‘ entire assurance of your Virtue, it comforts
‘ me as a Lover : The confidence and since-
‘ rity you have express’d for me, are of infi-
‘ nite value : You esteem me sufficiently, to
‘ believe I will not abuse your Confession :
‘ You may, Madam, I will not abuse it, nor
‘ love you the less for it. You render me
‘ unfortunate, by the clearest Evidence of Fi-
M delity

'delity that ever Woman gave a Husband':
 'But perfect what you begun, Madam, and
 'let me know who it is you would avoid.
 'I beseech you do not ask me, *answers she*,
 'I am resolv'd not to tell you; and I think it
 'prudent not to give you his Name. 'Fear
 'not, Madam, *replies Monsieur de Cleve*, I
 'am too well vers'd in the World; not to
 'know Men may be in love with a Woman
 'though she have a Husband: We are to
 'hate those that are so, but not to complain
 'of it; and once more I conjure you to
 'tell me who it is. 'Tis to no purpose to
 'press me, Sir, *says she*, I have the power to
 'be silent where I think it my duty not to
 'speak: impute not to any weakness the
 'Confession I have made to you. And I had
 'need of more courage to declare to you that
 'truth, than to have conceal'd it.

Monsieur *de Nemours* heard every word of
 this discourse, and what Madam *de Cleve*
 had said, rais'd no less his jealousy than her
 Husband's: He was so desperately in love
 with her, he thought all the World was so
 too: True it is, he had many Rivals, yet he
 fancy'd them more; and he was wild to
 know who it was Madam *de Cleve* meant.
 He had often thought she had some kind-
 ness for him, but the grounds of his judg-
 ment appear'd on this occasion so slight and
 in-

inconsiderable, that he could not imagine she had so violent a passion for him, as to need recourse to so extraordinary a Remedy: He was so transported he scarce knew what he saw, but he could not pardon Monsieur *de Cleve* for not having press'd her home to tell him the Name of the Person she conceal'd from him.

Yet Monsieur *de Cleve* us'd his utmost endeavours to know it, but finding it vain to urge her further, desisted from troubling her; who presently said; 'Methinks you ought to rest satisfi'd with my sincerity, pray ask me no more, and give me not cause to repent what I have done: Content your self with the assurance I give you once more, my Sentiments have never appear'd by any Action of mine, and that no address hath been made to me that could give me offence. 'Ah, Madam, *replies Monsieur de Cleve*, on the sudden, I cannot believe it: I remember the trouble you were in the day your Picture was lost; you have given, Madam, you have given away that Picture that was so dear to me, and so justly mine: You have not been able to conceal your affection, you are in love, it is known, your Virtue hath hitherto sav'd you from the rest. 'Is it possible, *crys the Princess*, you can imagine any diguise in a Confessi-

'on as mine is, which I was no way oblig'd
 'to. Take my word, Sir, I buy at a dear
 'rate the confidence I desire of you ; I con-
 'jure you believe I never gave away my
 'Picture: True it is I saw it taken, but would
 'not take notice I saw it, for fear of exposing
 'my self on that occasion to be told what
 'none ever yet durst say to me. 'How
 'know you then you are lov'd, *says he,*
 'what evidences has he given you of his pas-
 'sion? 'Spare me the pains and the trouble,
 '*answers she,* of telling you particulars I
 'am ashamed to have observ'd, being such as
 'have too much convinc'd me of my weak-
 'ness. 'You have reason, Madam, *replies*
 '*he* ; I am unjust, and press you too far ; re-
 'fuse me when-ever I ask you such Questi-
 'ons, yet be not offended with me for ask-
 'ing them.

Just then came several of the Servants,
 (who had staid in the Walks,) to acquaint
 Monsieur de *Cleve* that a Gentleman was ar-
 riv'd from the King, with Orders for him to
 be at *Paris* that Evening: Monsieur de *Cleve*
 was forc'd to go, and was not able to say any
 thing to his Wife, but that he desir'd her to
 come to *Paris* on the Morrow ; and con-
 jur'd her to believe that though he was trou-
 bled, he had for her a tenderness and esteem,
 with which she had reason to be abundantly
 satisfi'd.

When

When the Prince was gone, and Madam *de Cleve*, left alone, consider'd what she had done; the thought of it so frightened her, she could scarce believe the truth of it: She saw she her self had put her self out of the affection and esteem of her Husband, and plung'd her self into a Pit she should never get out of. She ask'd her self why she had done so hazardous a thing, and perceiv'd she had engag'd in it, having scarce form'd the design. The singularity of her Confession, which she conceiv'd without President, gave her a full Prospect of her danger. On the other side, when she consider'd this Remedy (as violent as it was) was the sole effectual one she could make use of against Monsieur *de Nemours*; she thought she had no cause to repent, or to believe she had ventur'd too far. She pass'd that Night under a very great incertitude, trouble, and fear: at last her Spirits were calmed; she found pleasure in having given that Evidence of Fidelity to a Husband who deserv'd it so well, who had so great an esteem and kindness for her, and had given fresh proof of both, in the manner of his receiving the strange Confession she had made him.

Monsieur *de Nemours* was in the mean time got from the place he had heard the discourse in, into the middle of the Forrest:

What *Madam de Cleve* had said of her Picture had reviv'd him, by letting him know he was the Person she had inclination for. The thought of this swell'd him with joy, but the joy was short-liv'd: for when he reflected that what mov'd her to declare she had inclination for him, convinc'd him the same moment he should never receive any Evidence of it, he thought it impossible to engage a Person who made recourse to so extraordinary a Remedy; yet he could not but be very much pleas'd to have reduc'd her to such an extremity: He glory'd in himself that he gain'd the affection of a Lady so different from the rest of her Sex. In a word, he thought himself a hundred times happy, and unhappy all together. He was benighted in the Forrest, and was much puzzled to find the way to his Sisters, the *Duchess of Mercœur*: He arriv'd there about break of day, and was very much to seek what account to give of his absence: He came off the best he could, and return'd the same day with the *Vidame* to *Paris*.

This Prince was so full of his passion, and surpriz'd with what he had heard, that he fell into the common imprudence of speaking in general terms his particular Sentiments, and relating his own Adventures under borrow'd Names. In his return he fell
into

into discourse of Love, and the extreme pleasure of being in Love with a person deserving it. He spoke of the extravagant effects of that passion ; and not able to conceal the astonishment he was in at the action of *Madam de Cleve*, he made the *Vidame* acquainted with it, without naming the person, or owning himself concern'd ; but he spoke with that heat and admiration, the *Vidame* easily suspected him one of the parties in the case, and press'd him to confess it : He told him he was well assur'd he had a violent passion for a Lady, though he knew not who, and that he had no reason to distrust him, who had trusted him with his life : But *Monsieur de Nemours* was too deeply in love to confess it , and had ever conceal'd his passion from the *Vidame*, though he lov'd him best of any man at Court : He answer'd, that a Friend of his had told him this adventure ; and not only made him promise not to speak of it, but conjur'd him to secrecy. The *Vidame* assur'd him it should go no further, but *Monsieur de Nemours* repented he had told him so much.

The mean time *Monsieur de Cleve* was gone to the King, but with a heart mortally afflicted : Never had Husband so violent a passion for his Wife, nor so great an Esteem, which was not diminish'd in the least by

what she had told him, but chang'd into a sort different from the esteem he had formerly had of her: His thoughts were most busied about guessing who it was had the secret to please her: He thought of Monsieur *de Nemours*, as the most amiable of the Court, and the Chevalier *de Guise*, and the Marshal *S. Andre*, as persons who had apply'd themselves to please her, and still continued their endeavours; so that he was perswaded it must be one of the three.

He arriv'd at the *Louvre*, and the King took him into his Closet, to tell him he had made choice of him to conduct *Madam* into *Spain*, and believed no man could perform it better, and that no Lady could do *France* more honour than *Madam de Cleve*. Monsieur *de Cleve* receiv'd the honour of the Choice as he ought, and look'd on it as an occasion for his Wives absence from Court, without giving suspicion of any change of her Conduct; but the trouble he was in, needed a speedier remedy than that Voyage (to be deferr'd for some Months) could afford him: He presently writ *Madam de Cleve* the news of what the King had said to him, and added, he expected she would not fail of returning to *Paris*. She came thither, according to his order; and when they saw one another, they were both extraordinary sad.

Mon-

Monsieur *de Cleve* spoke to her like a man
 of the greatest honour in the world, and
 best deserving the confidence she had repos'd
 in him: 'It is not your Conduct, *says he,*
 ' gives me trouble, you have more strength
 ' and more vertue than you imagine: nor
 ' am I troubled with fears of what may hap-
 ' pen hereafter; that which troubles me is,
 ' that I see you have that affection for ano-
 ' ther, it has not been in my power to raise
 ' in you: I know not what to answer you,
 ' *says she,* I am mortally asham'd when I speak
 ' to you; let me conjure you to spare this
 ' cruel discourse, order my Conduct, and let
 ' me never see any body: This is all I desire
 ' of you; but take it not ill from me, if I
 ' speak no more of a thing which makes me
 ' appear so little worthy of you, and which
 ' I think so unbecoming me: You have rea-
 ' son Madam, *replies he,* I abuse your good-
 ' nels and your confidence in me, yet pity
 ' the condition you have brought me to,
 ' and think, though you have told me the
 ' substance of the matter, you conceal from
 ' me a Name that fills me with a Curiosity,
 ' which, if not satisfi'd, will bring me to my
 ' Grave: however, I do not desire you to tell
 ' it me, but I cannot forbear letting you
 ' know, I believe the Man I am to envy is the
 ' Marshal S. *Andre*, the Duke *de Nemours*, or
 ' the

‘ the *Chevalier de Guise*. ‘ I will not answer
‘ you, *says she, blushing*; nor give you occasi-
‘ on to diminish, or raise your suspicions:
‘ But if you should try by watching and ob-
‘ serving me, to discover the truth, you will
‘ put me into a trouble all the World will take
‘ notice of. ‘ A Gods-name, *continues she*,
‘ give me leave to pretend some Indisposi-
‘ tion, and not to see any one. ‘ No, Ma-
‘ dam, *says he*, it will quickly be discover’d
‘ to be a feign’d business: Besides, I would
‘ not rely on any thing but your self, my
‘ Heart gives me that is the best course I
‘ can take; and my Reason tells me, con-
‘ sidering the humour you are of, I cannot
‘ put a greater Restraint upon you, than by
‘ leaving you to your liberty.

Monseigneur *de Cleve* was not mistaken:
The confidence he made appear he had in his
Wife, fortifi’d her the more against Monsieur
de Nemours, and made her take more severe
Resolutions than any Restraint would have
brought her to: She went to the *Louvre* and
the Queen-Dauphin’s Lodgings as she us’d
to do, but avoided the presence and sight of
Monsieur *de Nemours* with so much care, that
she robb’d him of almost all the joy he had
in thinking she lov’d him, all her Actions
perswading him the contrary: He could not
tell but what he had heard might have been
in

in a dream, so little likelihood was there of the truth of it: The only thing seem'd to assure him he was not mistaken, was the extreme sadness of *Madam de Cleve*, appearing in spite of all her care to conceal it: And peradventure, the sweetest looks, and most obliging expressions, would not have so much heightned the love of *Monsieur de Nemours*, as the severity of her Conduct effectually did.

One Evening, as *Monsieur* and *Madam de Cleve* were at the Queens Lodgings, it was said there was a report the King would name another great Lord at Court to wait on *Madam* into *Spain*. *Monsieur de Cleve* had his eye fixt on his Wife, when it was further said, the *Chevalier de Guise*, or the Marshal *de S. Andre* was to be the man: He observ'd she was not at all mov'd at either of those names, nor at the discourse of their going along with her; this made him believe he had no reason to fear the presence of either of them: To clear his suspicions, he went into the Queens Closet where the King then was. Having staid there a while, he return'd to his Wife, and whisper'd her, he had but newly been told *Monsieur de Nemours* was the person design'd to go along with them into *Spain*. *Madam de Cleve* was so mov'd at the name of *Monsieur de Nemours*, and the thought

thought of being expos'd to see him every day, during a very long journey, in the presence of her Husband, that she could not conceal the trouble she was in; and to cloak it with other reasons, *No choice*, says she, *could have been made more disagreeable for you, he will share all your Honours, and methinks you are oblig'd to endeavour to procure another choice*: Madam, answers he, 'tis not on any account of State you are unwilling Monsieur de Nemours should go with me, the trouble it gives you proceeds from another cause; I learn from that trouble in you, what I should have discover'd in another Woman, by the joy she would have exprest at the news: but fear not, Madam, what I told you is not true, it was an invention of mine, to be assur'd of a thing I strongly believ'd. Having said so, he went out, being loth by his presence to increase the trouble he saw his Wife in.

Monsieur de Nemours came in at that instant, and presently observ'd the condition she was in: He went up to her, and told her softly, He had that respect for her, he durst not ask her, what it was made her more thoughtful and melancholly than ordinary. The voice of Monsieur de Nemours brought her to her self again, and looking on him, without having heard what he had just then said, (so full was she of her own thoughts,
and

and of fear her Husband might see him with her) *For Gods sake*, says she, *let me alone*: *Alas, Madam*, answers he, *I do it too much; what is it you can complain of? I dare not speak to you, I dare not so much as look upon you, I tremble when I come near you; wherein have I deserv'd you should speak so to me? why do you make it appear thus, I am in some measure the cause of the trouble I see you in?* Madam de Cleve was very sorry she had given him occasion to declare himself more clearly than he had done before: she left him without saying a word more, and went home more troubled than ever: her Husband perceiv'd it, and that she was afraid he should speak to her of what was past; and following her into her Cloſet, *Do not shun me, Madam*, says he, *I will not say any thing shall displease you, I beg your pardon for the surprise I put you to awhile, I am sufficiently punish'd by what I have learnt by it; Monsieur de Nemours was the man I most fear'd of any: I see the danger you are in; have power over your self for your own sake, and if you can for mine; I ask it not as your Husband, but as a man whose happiness wholly depends on you, and who hath for you a passion more violent and more tender than he whom your inclination prefers before me. Monsieur de Cleve melted at these words, he could scarce finish them:*

them : His Lady was so mov'd, she burst into tears, and imbrac'd him with a tenderness and sorrow, that put him into a condition very different from hers : They continued silent awhile, and parted, without having been able to say a word one to the other.

All things were ready for the Marriage of *Madam*, the Duke of *Alva* was arriv'd to Espouse her : He was receiv'd with all the Ceremony and Magnificence usual on such occasions : The King sent to meet him by the way, the Prince of *Conde*, the Cardinals of *Lorraine* and *Guise*, the Dukes of *Lorraine*, *Ferrara*, *Aumale*, *Bouillon*, *Guise* and *Nemours* : They had a great number of Gentlemen, and many Pages in Livery : The King in Person, attended with two hundred Gentlemen his Servants, with the Constable, at the head of them, waited the Duke of *Alva*'s coming at the first Gate of the *Louvre*. When the Duke of *Alva* was come up to the King, he would have imbrac'd his knees; the King would not suffer it, but made him walk by his side to the Queens Lodgings, and to *Madam*'s, for whom the Duke of *Alva* brought a magnificent Present from his Master. He went thence to the Lodgings of *Madam Margaret* the Kings Sister, to Complement her on the part of *Monseigneur de Savoy*, and assure her he would arrive in few days.

days. There were great Assemblies at the *Louvre*, to let the Duke of *Alva*, and the Prince of *Orange*, (who accompanied him,) see the Beauties of the Court.

Madam *de Cleve* durst not absent her self, for fear of displeasing her Husband, who commanded her to appear there, though very loth to do it. Yet she was the rather induc'd to it by the absence of Monsieur *de Nemours*: He was gone to meet Monsieur *de Savoy*, and after his arrival was oblig'd to be in a manner always with him, to assist him in what concern'd the Ceremonies of his Marriage. This prevented her meeting him as often as she us'd, which gave her some satisfaction.

The *Vidame* of *Chartres* had not forgot the discourse he had had with Monsieur *de Nemours*. It ran in his mind that the Adventure the Prince had told him, was his own; and he watch'd him so narrowly, 'tis very probable he would have found out the truth of it, had not the arrival of the Duke of *Alva*, and Monsieur *de Savoy* fill'd the Court with so much business, that it took away the opportunities of a discovery of that Nature: The desire he had to know the truth of it, or rather the natural disposition we have to make those we love acquainted with all we know, made him tell Madam *de Martignes*
the

the extraordinary Action of that Person, who had confess'd to her Husband the passion she had for another: He assur'd her Monsieur *de Nemours* was the Man had inspir'd so violent a passion, and conjur'd her to assist him in observing that Prince. Madam *de Martigues* was glad to hear what the *Vidame* told her, and the Curiosity she had always observ'd in the Queen-Dauphin for what concern'd Monsieur *de Nemours*, made her the more desirous to know the bottom of the Adventure.

A short time before the day fix'd for the Ceremony of the Marriage, the Queen-Dauphin invited the King her Father-in-Law, and the Duchesse of *Valentinois* to Supper. Madam *de Cleve* had been so busie a dressing herself, it was late e're she came to the *Louvre*: By the way she met a Gentleman, who was coming in search of her from the Queen-Dauphin. As she enter'd her Chamber, that Princess said aloud to her, from on her Bed, where she then was; *I have look'd for you with the greatest impatience. I believe it, Madam,* answers she, *yet perhaps I am not oblig'd to you for it, the cause being doubtless something else, and not your desire to see me. You are right,* answers the Queen-Dauphin, *yet you are oblig'd to me; for I will tell you an Adventure you will be very glad to know.*

Ma-

Madam de Cleve kneel'd at her Bed-side, and (very luckily) with her Face from the light: *You know*, says the *Queen Dauphin*, *how desirous we were to find out who had caus'd the great change observ'd in Monsieur de Nemours. I believe I know the Party; you will be surpriz'd at the Story: He is desperatrly in love with one of the handsomest Ladys of the Court, and she loves him again. You may easily imagine what grief Madam de Cleve felt at these words, which she could not apply to her self, as being of opinion no Person knew of her love for Monsieur de Nemours. I see nothing in this, Madam,* answers she, *that should occasion a surprize, if you consider the age and the handsomness of Monsieur de Nemours. True,* says the *Queen-Dauphin*, *but that which will surprize you, is, to know that the Lady in love with Monsieur de Nemours hath never given him any Evidence of it; and is so afraid she shall not be able to continue Mistress of her passion, that she hath confess'd it to her Husband, that he may take her from Court; and 'tis Monsieur de Nemours hath related what I say to you.*

Madam de Cleve was griev'd at the beginning of this discourse, when she thought herself not concern'd in the Adventure, but she was at her wits-end when she heard the conclusion of it, which too clearly made out, it

N

rela-

related to her : She could not answer a word, but continued leaning her Head on the Bed while the Queen was speaking ; which she did with that earnestness and concern, she took not any notice of the confusion Madam de Cleve was in. *This Story, answers she, seems very improbable, and I would very fain know who it is hath told it you. 'Tis Madam Martigues, says the Queen-Dauphin ; and she had it from the Vidame of Chartres. You know he is in love with her, he told it to her as a Secret, and he was told it by the Duke of Nemours : 'Tis true the Duke of Nemours told him not the Name of the Lady, nor would confess himself the other Party concern'd ; but the Vidame makes no doubt of it.*

As the Queen-Dauphin had done speaking, one came up to the Bed : Madam de Cleve had so turn'd her self about she could not see who it was, but was quickly satisfi'd of the Person, when she heard the Queen-Dauphin cry out, with no less joy than surprise, *Here he is himself, and I will know of him the truth of it.* Madam de Cleve need not turn about to know it was Monsieur de Nemours, as really it was, but went hastily to the Queen-Dauphin, and told her softly, she must take heed of speaking of this Adventure which Monsieur de Nemours had told the Vidame as a Secret, and perhaps it might

might make make them fall out. *You are too wise*, says the Queen-Dauphin, laughing, and turn'd towards Monsieur de Nemours. He was drest for the Court-meeting at Night, and with a Grace natural to him, *I believe, Madam*, says he, *I may venture to think you were speaking of me as I came in; that you had a desire to ask me something, and that Madam de Cleve was against it.* 'Tis true, answers the Queen-Dauphin, but I shall not be so complaisant to her on this occasion, as I am us'd to be. *I would know of you, whether a story I have been told be true, and whether you are not the person in love with, and lov'd by a Lady at Court, who endeavours to conceal her passion from you, and hath confess'd it to her Husband.*

You cannot imagine the trouble and perplexity Madam de Cleve was in, she would have thought Death a very good exchange for it. Yet Monsieur de Nemours was in greater, if possible: The discourse of the Queen (who he had reason to believe hated him not) in presence of Madam de Cleve, in whom of all the Court she plac'd greatest confidence, and had the greatest share of hers in return, put him into so strange a confusion of extravagant thoughts, it was not in his power to be Master of his Countenance: The trouble he saw Madam de Cleve

in by his fault, and the thought of his having given her just cause to hate him, surpriz'd him so that he could not answer a word. Madam *La Dauphin* observing him mute, *Look upon him*, says she to Madam *de Cleve*; *look upon him, and judge if he be not concern'd in this Adventure.*

The mean time Monsieur *de Nemours* having consider'd how necessary it was to get out of so dangerous a strait, and recover'd his wit and his looks; *I confess, Madam*, says he, *no surprize or affliction could be greater than mine, at the infidelity of the Vidame of Chartres, in relating an Adventure I had in confidence imparted to him, of one of my Friends: I know how to be reveng'd of him*, continues he, (smiling very calmly, which rais'd the suspicions the Queen-Dauphin had entertain'd of him,) *he hath made me his Confident in matters of no small importance: But I am to seek for the Reason, Madam, why you make me concern'd in this Adventure: The Vidame will not say it, for I have told him the contrary. I may very well be taken to be a Man in love, but I cannot believe, Madam, you will think me of the number of those who are lov'd again.* Monsieur *de Nemours* was glad to say any thing to the Queen-Dauphin, that might relate to that affection he had declar'd for her formerly, to divert
her

her thoughts from the matter in hand. She understood what he said, but instead of answering, continu'd teasing him for the change in his looks when she began to discourage him. *I was troubled, Madam,* says he, *on my Friends account; and to think how justly he would reproach me for telling a Secret more dear to him than his Life. Yet he imparted it but half, having kept from me the Name of the Person he loves: All I know, is, he is the most deeply in love of any Man living, and hath the most reason to complain. Think you he hath any cause of complaint,* replies the Queen-Dauphin, *when his passion is so well answer'd again? Can you believe it answer'd, Madam,* says he; *or that a Lady having a true passion could have discover'd it to her Husband? Doubtless this Lady is not acquainted with Love, and hath taken small notice of the kindness had for her. My Friend cannot flatter himself with any hope, yet unfortunate as he is, he esteems himself happy at least, to make her afraid she should fall in love with him, and he would not change his condition with that of the happiest Lover in the world. Your Friend hath a passion very easie to be satisfi'd,* says she, *and I begin to think you not concern'd in the Story; I am almost of the mind of Madam de Cleve, who maintains there's no truth in it. I cannot think it true,*

says Madam de Cleve, who had been silent all this while; and could it have been true, how should it have been known? 'Tis not probable a Woman capable of a Resolution so extraordinary, should have the weakness to speak of it; and surely her Husband would not have related it, or must have been very unworthy to have been so well dealt with, as he had been by his Lady in her unparallell'd Conduct. Monsieur de Nemours perceiving the suspicions Madam de Cleve seem'd to have of her Husband, did all he could to confirm them, knowing him the most formidable of his Rivals: Jealousie, says he, and the desire of finding out what a wife hath, it may be, not thought fit to discover, are capable to make a Husband guilty of indiscretion.

Madam de Cleve was at her last shifts, and not able to endure the discourse any longer; she would have said she was not well, when, by good fortune for her, the Duchess of Valentinois came in, who told the Queen-Dauphin the King was just a coming. The Queen-Dauphin went into her Closet to be drest. Monsieur de Nemours drew up to Madam de Cleve as she follow'd her, *I would give my Life, Madam,* says he, *for a moments discourse with you; yet I have nothing of more importance to tell you, than that if I have said any thing to the Queen-Dauphin wherein she*
may

may seem concern'd, I did it for Reasons that relate not to her. Madam de Cleve made as if she heard him not, but left him without giving him a look, and follow'd the King, who was newly come in. There was a great deal of company. She trod on her own Coat, and made a false step, which serv'd her for a preence to quit a place she had not the power to stay in; and she return'd home,

Monfieur de Cleve came to the *Louvre*, and was amaz'd not to find his Wife there; they told him of the Accident befallen her: He went presently home to enquire after her, he found her a-Bed, and easily knew her hurt was not considerable. When he had been with her some time, he perceiv'd her so excessively sad that it surpriz'd him. 'What ails you, Madam, *says he*, methinks you are troubled with other grief than that you complain of. 'I am the most afflicted 'I possibly can be, *answers she*, for the use 'you have made of that extraordinary, or (to 'name it right) foolish confidence I have had 'in you. Did I not deserve secresie, or had I 'not, did not your Interest engage you to it? 'Must your Curiosity of knowing a Name, '(it was my duty not to tell you,) oblige 'you to make a Confident to assist you in the 'discovery? Nothing else could have made 'you fall into so horrible an indiscretion, the

‘consequences of which are as bad as bad
‘may be : This Adventure is known, and I
‘have been just told the Story of it by them
‘who knew not I was principally concern’d
‘in it. ‘What say you Madam, *answers he*?
‘you accuse me to have told what pass’d be-
‘tween you and me, and that the matter is
‘known. I will not justify my self not to
‘have spoken of it, you cannot believe I e-
‘ver did ; and doubtless you have apply’d to
‘your self what was related of another.
‘Ah, Sir, *says she*, the World hath not an
‘Adventure like mine ; there’s not another
‘Woman capable of such a thing. The
‘Story I have heard could not have been in-
‘vented by chance, none ever imagin’d the
‘like ; an Action of this nature never en-
‘ter’d any thoughts but mine: The Queen-
‘dauphin hath just told me the Story, she had
‘it from the *Vidame of Chartres*, and he
‘from *Monsieur de Nemours*. ‘*Monsieur de*
‘*Nemours*, *crys Monsieur de Cleve*, *like a*
‘*Man transported and desperate* ; Doth *Mon-*
‘*sieur de Nemours* know you love him, and
‘that I know it? You always Harp on that
‘String, and fix on *Monsieur de Nemours* be-
‘fore any other, *replies she* ; I have told you
‘I would not answer your suspicions : I am
‘ignorant whether *Monsieur de Nemours*
‘knows that I am concern’d in the Adven-
‘ture,

ture, and the Person you told him of ; but
 he told the *Vidame* the Story, and said he
 had it from a Friend of his, who had
 not nam'd the Lady : It cannot be but that
 this Friend must be one of yours, whom you
 trusted the Secret with, in order to discove-
 ry of what I conceal'd. ' Is there a Friend
 in the World, *says he*, to be trusted with a
 business of this nature ? And would any
 Man purchase the clearing his suspicions at
 so dear a rate, as acquainting another with
 that which he would have gladly had con-
 ceal'd from himself ? I think rather, Ma-
 dam, who it is you have spoken to, 'tis
 more probable it came from you than me ;
 the trouble you were in was insupportable
 to you, and to ease your self of the Burden
 you have made use of a Confident who
 hath betray'd you. ' Destroy me not quite,
says she, and be not so hard-hearted to ac-
 cuse me of a fault you have committed.
 Can you suspect me of such a thing, and
 because I told it you, could I tell it any o-
 ther ?

The Confession Madam *de Cleve* had made
 to her Husband was so clear a proof of her
 sincerity, and she deny'd so flatly she had ac-
 quainted any with it but himself, he knew
 not what to think. On the other side, he
 was sure he had never said a word of it, it

was

was not a matter to be guess'd at ; yet it was known, and it must be through one of them two : what troubled him most, was the certainty one or other was privy to the secret, and in all probability it would be divulg'd.

Madam *de Cleve's* thoughts were much the same with her Husbands ; she thought it impossible her Husband would have spoke of it, and as impossible but it must be he had spoken it ; the intimation Monsieur *de Nemours* had given what indiscretion a Husbands curiosity might make him guilty of, appear'd to hit Monsieur *de Cleve* so pat, she could not believe it a thing said by chance : this weigh'd with her so far, she was fully perswaded Monsieur *de Cleve* had abus'd her confidence : Both were so full of their own thoughts, they were silent a considerable time ; and when they spoke to one another, they did but repeat what they had formerly said, and continued more alter'd and estrang'd in opinion and affection than ever they had been.

You may easily imagine how they pass'd that night : Monsieur *de Cleve's* patience was exhausted, to see a Lady he ador'd in love with another : he was quite heartless ; he had not the courage to resent a matter wherein his Reputation and Honour were so deeply concern'd : he knew not what to think

think of his Wife; he was to seek what Conduct he should prescribe to her, or himself; he could discover on all hands nothing but Precipices and Abysses. After long irresolution, considering he was shortly engag'd for *Spain*, he resolv'd to do nothing to increase the knowledge or suspicion of his unfortunate Estate: he went to Madam *de Cleve*, and told her, their business was not to find out which of them two had discover'd the secret, but to endeavour to make it appear the story was a Fable, and she no way concern'd in it; that it was in her power to perswade Monsieur *de Nemours*, and others, to that purpose, by using him with that severity and coldness she ought to express towards a man pretending to be in love with her; that such a proceeding would easily alter the opinion he had of her having inclination for him; that she was not to trouble her self for what he might have hitherto thought, for that if for the future she avoid'd discovering any weakness to him, his former thoughts would vanish, and that especially she must frequent the *Louvre* and Court-meetings as she us'd to do.

Having said this, he quitted her, without expecting her answer: she thought him much in the right, and was so angry with Monsieur *de Nemours*, she believ'd it an easie matter
to

to put in execution her Husbands advice : but it seem'd a hard task to appear at the Marriage with that calm and tranquility, that freedom and clearness of spirit the occasion requir'd : But having been preferr'd before several Princeesses (ambitious of the honour) to carry the Queen-Dauphins Train, she could not put it off without occasioning much noise, and enquiry what had mov'd her to it : She resolv'd to strain her self to perform it, but spent the rest of the day in preparing for the Solemnity, and thinking her own thoughts : she lock'd her self up in her Closet : that which griev'd her most was, the cause she had to complain of Monsieur *de Nemours*, without an excuse to alledge in his favour : she made no doubt but he had told the *Vidame* the story, he had confess'd as much in her hearing, and spoke in that manner, she could not question but he knew she was concern'd ; what excuse for such an imprudence so very unsuitable to the discretion she admir'd him for ? while he thought himself unhappy, he continued discreet ; he hath fanci'd himself happy, (though on very uncertain grounds) and hath dismiss'd his discretion : he could not imagine I lov'd him, but he must make the World acquainted with it : he hath said all he could ; I made no confession he was the
man

man I lov'd, but he hath believ'd it, and presently declar'd his belief; had he been sure of it, I must have expected he would have taken the same course, and us'd me with no more respect than he hath now done: How was I mistaken, to think him capable to conceal any thing that flatter'd his vanity! Yet this is the man I thought so different from the rest, that for his sake I, who differ'd so much from the rest of my Sex, find my self subject to the weakness of other Women: I have lost the affection and esteem of a Husband, who should have been my happiness. All the World will shortly look on me as a Woman under a foolish and violent passion: he for whom I have it is not ignorant of it. 'Tis for avoiding these misfortunes I have hazarded my Repose, and my life. These sad Reflections ended in a torrent of tears; but as great as her grief was, she found it supportable, if she could be but satisfi'd in Monsieur de Nemours.

He was not in a much better condition, he was vex'd at the heart for his indiscretion, in speaking as he had done to the *Vidame*, and the ill consequences that attended it; he was confounded to think what trouble, perplexity, and grief he had seen Madam de Cleve in. He could not excuse himself for having said to her, about this Adventure,
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things though innocently gallant in themselves, yet on this occasion too gross and rude, since they made her sensible he knew she was the Lady had that violent passion, and he the Person for whom she had it. All he could have wish'd for, was to discourse her; but now he thought himself more oblig'd to avoid, than desire it. *What should I say to her, cry'd he? should I convince her more plainly of what I have already given her too much light? shall I tell her I know she loves me, who never yet durst tell her I lov'd her? shall I begin to own my passion to her, that she may see my hopes have inspired me with boldness? can I entertain a thought of going near her, and giving her new trouble by enduring a sight of me? How shall I justify myself? I have no Excuse, I am unworthy she should look on me, and I cannot hope she will ever do it. I have by my faults furnish'd her with better Exceptions against me, than any she could have found: My indiscretion hath lost me the happiness, and the glory of being belov'd by the most amiable and most estimable Person in the world. Yet had I lost it without giving her trouble, it would have been some comfort. At this very moment I am more sensible of the harm I have done her, than that I have done myself in forfeiting her favour.*

He continued a long time afflicting himself

self thus. Still his mind hanker'd to speak with *Madam de Cleve*: He study'd how to do it, he thought of writing to her; but considering the fault he had committed, and the humour she was of, he was of opinion that the best course he could take, was, to express a profound respect for her, by his affliction and silence: to let her see he durst not present himself before her, and to wait patiently what time, Chance, and the Inclination she had for him might produce in his favour. And for fear of confirming her suspicion, he resolved to forbear reproaching the *Vidame* for his unfaithfulness.

The Court was so busied about the Espousals of *Madam* on the Morrow, and her Marriage to be the day after, that it was no hard matter for *Monsieur* and *Madam de Cleve* to conceal their sadness from publick notice: The *Queen-Dauphin* spoke but by the by to *Madam de Cleve* of the discourse they had had with *Monsieur de Nemours*, and *Monsieur de Cleve* industriously shunn'd speaking to his Wife of what was past, so that her trouble prov'd less than she expected.

The Espousals were solemniz'd at the *Louvre*, and after the Treat and the Ball, the King's Household went to ly at the Bishop's Palace according to Custom. In the Morning

ing, the Duke *d'Alva* having till then gone very plain, appear'd in a Habit of Cloth of Gold, mix'd with fire-colour, yellow and black, all cover'd with Jewels, with a close Crown on his Head. The Prince of *Orange* richly Apparell'd, with his Livery; and all the *Spaniards* with theirs, came to attend the Duke from the *Hostel de Villeroy* (where he was lodg'd) and march'd four a-breast till they came to the Palace. As soon as he arriv'd, they went in order to the Church: The King led Madam, with a close Crown on her Head, and her Train born up by Mademoiselles *de Montpensier* and *Longueville*: The Queen follow'd next, but without a Crown: Next came the Queen-Dauphin, Madam the King's Sister, Madam *de Lorrain*, and the Queen of *Navar*, their Trains carry'd by Princesses.

The Maids of Honour belonging to the Queens and Princesses, were all richly drest in the same Colours the Queens and Princesses had on: so that it was known by the colour of their Habits whose Maids they were. They mounted the Scaffold prepared in the Church, and there the Ceremony of the Marriage was perform'd: They return'd to Dinner at the Bishops, and went thence about five a Clock to the great Palace, where the Feast was, and the Parliament, the Sovereign

veraign Courts, and the Corporation of the City were desir'd to assist. The King, the Queens, the Princes and Princesses eat at the Marble Table in the great Hall of the Palace: The Duke of *Alva* sat by the new Queen of *Spain*, below the steps of the Marble Table: At the King's right hand there was a Table for Embassadors, Arch-Bishops, and Knights of the Order; and on the other hand a Table for those of the Parliament.

The Duke of *Guise*, in a Robe of Cloth of Gold Freez'd, serv'd the King as Lord Steward of his Household; the Prince of *Conde* as *Parmentier*, and the Duke of *Nemours* as Cup-bearer. When the Officers had taken away, the Ball began, and was interrupted by Ballets, and extraordinary Machines: then they resum'd the Ball, and after Midnight the King and all the Court return'd to the *Louvre*. As sad as Madam *de Cleve* was, all that saw her, and particularly Monsieur *de Nemours* thought her beauty incomparable: Though the bustle of the Ceremony offer'd him several opportunities, he durst not speak to her. But he appear'd so sad, and exprest so much fear to approach her, that Madam *de Cleve*, looking on it as proceeding from his respect for her, began to think he was not so much to be blam'd,

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though he had not said a word to justify himself: His Conduct was the same the following days, and wrought the same effect on *Madam de Cleve*.

At last the day of the Tournament came; the Queens stood in the Galleries upon the Scaffolds prepar'd for them. The four Champions appear'd at the end of the Lists, with a number of Horses and Liveries, the most magnificent sight ever seen in *France*.

The King's Colours were Black and White, which he always wore on the account of *Madam de Valentinois* being a Widow. *Monsieur de Ferrara* and his Retinue had Red and Yellow; *Monsieur de Guise* Carnation and White, being the Colours of a young Lady whom he had lov'd when a Maid, and lov'd her still though he durst not make it appear. *Monsieur de Nemours* had Black and Yellow; why he wore them was not known, but it was no hard matter for *Madam de Cleve* to guess at it: she remember'd she had said before him, she lov'd Yellow, and was sorry it suited not with her Natural Complexion; which was the reason he thought he might appear in that Colour without indiscretion, because *Madam de Cleve* not wearing it, there could be no suspicion he wore it on her account.

The Champions perform'd with incomparable

nable address. Though the King was the best Horseman in his Kingdom, they knew not who had the advantage. Monsieur *de Nemours* had a Grace in all his Actions won him the favour of Persons less interest'd than Madam *de Cleve*: she no sooner discover'd him at the end of the Lists, but she felt her self under extraordinary Emotions; and every Course he made, she could scarce hide her joy when he had well finish'd his Career.

In the Evening when all was almost over, and the Company ready to break up, the King, (provok'd only by the ill Fate of the State,) would needs break another Lance: He commanded the Count *de Montgomery* (who was very dextrous at it) to appear in the Lists; the Count begg'd his Majesty would excuse him, alledging all the Reasons he could think of; but the King, half angry, sent him word he commanded him to do it. The Queen conjur'd the King not to run any more, that he had perform'd so well he ought to rest satisfi'd, and that she intreated him to come to her. He answer'd, it was for love of her he would have another Course, and enter'd the Barriere. She sent Monsieur *de Savoy* to pray him the second time to come back, but all to no purpose. They ran, the Lances were broken, and a Splinter of the

Count of *Montgomery's* hit the King in the Eye, and stuck there. The King fell: His Gentlemen, and Monsieur *de Montmorency*, Marshal of the Camp, ran to him. They were astonish'd to see him so wounded, but the King was hearty; he said it was a very slight hurt, and pardon'd the Count. You may judge the trouble and affliction so sad an Accident occasion'd, at a time wholly dedicated to Gayety and Mirth. As soon as the King was laid in Bed, and the Chyrurgeons had search'd the Wound, it appear'd very considerable. The Constable presently thought of the Prediction (that the King should be slain in Duel,) and made no doubt but it would be accomplish'd.

The King of *Spain*, then at *Brussels*, having news of the Accident, sent his Physician, a Man of Great Reputation; but he jug'd the King past hope.

A Court so divided, and full of contrary Interests, could not but be in extraordinary disorder, and factiously busie, in such a Conjunction: Yet all was conceal'd, and the whole Court seem'd employ'd only about the recovery of the King; the Queens, Princes, and Princesses scarce stirring out of his Anti-Chamber.

Madam *de Cleve* knowing her self oblig'd to be there, that she should see Monsieur *de*
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Nemours there, and should not be able to conceal from her Husband the disorder that sight would put her to; and being sensible the very presence of that Prince would justifie and clear him in her thoughts, and destroy the resolutions she had taken against him, she pretended her self sick. The Court was too busie to mind what she did, or to enquire whether her indisposition were real or feign'd. Only her Husband knew the truth of it. That troubled her not: she continu'd at home, little concern'd for the great Change that was shortly expected, and full of her own thoughts which she had liberty enough to give her self up to. Every one ran to Court to enquire of the King. *Monsieur de Cleve* came at certain hours to bring her news: he observ'd the same method of proceeding towards her he us'd to do, save only when they were alone they were a little less free, and more cold towards one another than formerly. He said not a word of what was past, and she had not the power, nor thought it convenient to resume the discourse of it.

Monsieur de Nemours, who waited an opportunity of speaking to *Madam de Cleve*, was surpriz'd and troubl'd he could not have a sight of her. The King was so ill, that the seventh day the Physicians gave him up.

He receiv'd the news of the certainty of his Death with extraordinary constancy, which was the more admirable, in that he lost his Life by so unfortunate an Accident, that he was to die in the Flower of his Age, happy, ador'd by his People, and belov'd by a Mistress he was desperately in love with: The day before he dy'd he caus'd Madam, his Sister, to be marry'd to Monsieur de Savoy, without Ceremony. You may guess the condition the Duchess of Valentinois was in: The Queen would not permit her to see the King, but sent to demand of her the King's Signet, and the Jewels of the Crown, she had in her Custody. The Duchess enquir'd if the King were dead, and being told no; *I have no Master yet then,* says she, *and no body can oblige me to part with what he trusted in my Hands.* As soon as he expir'd at the *Chasteau de Tournels*, the Dukes of *Ferrara*, *Guise*, and *Nemours*, conducted the Queen-Mother, the King and Queen-Consort to the *Louvre*. Monsieur de *Nemours* led the Queen-Mother: As they began to walk, she step'd back a little, and told the Queen, her Daughter-in-Law, it was her place to go first; but it was easie to see there was more sharpness, than civility in the Complement.

The End of the third Book.

THE
PRINCESSE
OF
CLEVE.

BOOK IV.

THE Queen-Mother was now wholly govern'd by the Cardinal of *Lorrain*: the *Vidame* of *Chartres* was quite out of favour with her; and the love he had for *Madam Martigues*, and for liberty, made him less sensible of her displeasure than a matter of that consequence might seem to deserve. The Cardinal, the ten days the King continued ill, had leisure to form his designs, and prevail with the Queen to take Resolutions suitable to his

Projects: so that as soon as the King was dead, the Queen order'd the Constable to stay at the *Tournels* with the Corps, to perform the usual Ceremonies: This kept him at distance, and out of the Scene of Action: He dispatch'd a Courier to the King of *Navarr* to hasten him to Court, to join with him in opposing the Rise of the House of *Guise*. The Duke of *Guise* was made General of the Armies, and the Cardinal of *Lorrain* Sur-intendant of the *Finances*. The Duchess of *Valentinois* was expell'd the Court. The Cardinal of *Tournon* the Constable's declar'd Enemy, and the Chancellor *Olivier* declar'd Enemy to the Duchess of *Valentinois*, were both call'd to Court. In a word, the Court had intirely chang'd Face: The Duke of *Guise* rank'd himself with the Princes of the Blood, to carry the King's Cloak at the Funeral. He and his Brothers were absolute Masters at Court, not only through the credit the Cardinal had with the Queen, but because she thought it in her power to remove them if they should give her Umbrage, and that she could not remove the Constable who was upheld by the Princes of the Blood.

The days of mourning for the deceas'd King being over, the Constable came to the *Leuvre*, but had a very cold reception from
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the King. He would have spoken with him in private, but the King call'd for *Messieurs de Guise*, and before them told him, he advis'd him to take his ease; that the *Finances* and the Command of the Armies were dispos'd of, and when he should stand in need of his Counsels, he would send for him to Court. The Queen-Mother receiv'd him more coldly than the King had done, and did not forbear to reproach him, with his having said to the late King, his Children were not like him. The King of *Navarr* arriv'd, and was no better receiv'd. The Prince of *Conde*, more impatient than his Brother, complain'd of it aloud, but all to no purpose. He was remov'd from Court, under pretence of being sent into *Flanders* to sign the Ratification of the Peace. They shew'd the King of *Navarr* a forg'd Letter from the King of *Spain*, wherein he was charg'd with designs to surprize some strong places belonging to that King: they told him it was high time to look about him, and prepare for defence: and, in a word, perswaded him to resolve going for *Bearn*. The Queen-Mother, to furnish him with a pretence, gave him in Charge the Conduct of Madam *Elizabeth* to *Savoy*, and made him take his Journey before her: so that there was not a Person left at Court to ballance the Power of the House of *Guise*.

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Though it fell out unluckily for Monsieur *de Cleve*, he had not the Conducting *Madam Elizabeth*; yet the greatness of the Person prefer'd before him, took from him all cause of complaint. But the loss of the Employ griev'd him not so much for depriving him of the honour he should have receiv'd by it, as for robbing him of so fair an opportunity to remove his Wife from Court, without suspicion, or the least appearance of design.

Soon after the decease of the late King, a Resolution was taken the King should go to *Rhemes* to be anointed. *Madam de Cleve* having all this while kept home, on pretence of being ill, no sooner heard this news, but she pray'd her Husband to dispence with her following the Court, and to give her leave to go take the Air at *Colonniers* for her health. He told her he would not enquire whether she desir'd it on the account of her health, but he was ready to consent to what she desir'd; and it was no hard Task to consent to what he had already resolv'd. As good an Opinion as he had of his Wife's Virtue, he thought it imprudent to expose her longer to the view of a Man she was in love with.

Monsieur *de Nemours* quickly knew she would not go along with the Court, and could not find in his heart to be gone without
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out seeing her. The Night before the Court was to remove he went to her House, as late as in decency he could, that he might find her alone. Fortune favour'd his Intention, as he enter'd the Court he met Madam *Nevers*, and Madam *Martigues* coming out, they told him they had left her alone. He went up under an agitation and trouble, parallell'd only by that Madam *de Cleve* was in, when told Monsieur *de Nemours* was come to see her: the fear of his speaking to her of his passion, her apprehension she might give him too favourable an answer, the disturbance this Visit might occasion to her Husband, the difficulty of giving him an account of it, or concealing it, presented themselves to her imagination all in a moment, and put her into a perplexity that made her resolve avoiding the thing, than which peradventure she desir'd none more. She sent one of her Women to Monsieur *de Nemours*, who was in her Anti-Chamber, to tell him she had lately been very ill, and was extremely sorry she could not receive the honour he would have done her. What a grief was this to him, not to see Madam *de Cleve*; and therefore not to see her, because she had no mind he should? He was to be gone on the Morrow, he could not expect from Fortune a more favourable opportunity. He had not
spoken

spoken to her since the discourse at the Queen-Dauphin's, and had reason to believe his telling the *Vidame* had destroy'd all his hopes. In a word, he went away vex'd to the very Heart.

As soon as *Madam de Cleve* had recover'd her self a little, out of the trouble she was in at the thoughts of *Monsieur de Nemours* being come to visit her, she was so far from approving the reasons that induc'd her to excuse her self from seeing him, that she condemn'd her self for having refus'd his Visit ; and if it had not been too late, she would have had him call'd back.

Madam de Nevers, and *Madam de Martignes*, went directly from *Madam de Cleve*, to the Queen-Dauphins ; *Monsieur de Cleve* was there. The Queen-Dauphin ask'd them where they had been ? they answer'd they came from *Madam de Cleve*, where they had spent part of the Afternoon, with a great deal of company, and left no body there but *Monsieur de Nemours*. These words, though harmless and indifferent in themselves, pass'd not as such with *Monsieur de Cleve* : he had reason to imagine *Monsieur de Nemours* might have several opportunities of speaking to *Madam de Cleve*, but to think he was alone with her at her Lodgings, where he might declare to her his passion,

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appear'd that moment a thing so strange and intollerable, he was more jealous than ever. It was not in his power to stay at the Queen-Dauphin's, he went thence not knowing why, nor whether it were with design to interrupt Monsieur *de Nemours*: When he drew near home, he look'd about to see what signs he might discover of that Prince's being still there. It was some comfort to find he was gone, and it pleas'd him to find he could not have been long there. He fancy'd, peradventure, it was not Monsieur *de Nemours* he had reason to be jealous of. And though he could not doubt it, yet he endeavour'd to perswade himself he ought to question it. But he had been already so clearly convinc'd to the contrary, it was not in his power to continue long in that uncertainty he so earnestly desir'd. He went straight into his Wife's Chamber, and after some general discourse, he could not forbear asking her what she had done in his absence, and who had been to see her. She gave him account of both, but finding she mention'd not Monsieur *de Nemours*, he ask'd, trembling, if those were all she had seen, that she might have occasion to name Monsieur *de Nemours*, and he have the comfort to find she put no tricks upon him. She had not seen him, therefore she nam'd him not. Monsieur *de Cleve,*

Cleve, with a sorrowful tone, replies, *Have you not seen Monsieur de Nemours, or have you forgot him? I have not seen him indeed,* says she; *I was ill, and sent one of my women to make my Excuse. You were not ill, but for him then,* replies he; *you admitted all other Visits, why not his as the rest? what reason have you to fear a sight of him? why should he know by you that you are afraid to see him? why should you make it appear to him you make use of the Power his Passion gives you over him? Durst you refuse to see him, but that you know him sensible it proceeded not from Incivility, but Rigour; And what reason have you to be rigorous to him? From a Person like you, Madam, any thing but indifference is a favour. I did not think,* says she, *you had any such suspicion of Monsieur de Nemours, that you could have reproached me for not admitting a Visit from him. Yet I reproach you, Madam,* replies he, *and have ground enough for it: why should you not see him, if he never spoke to you of his love? But he hath declar'd it, Madam; 'tis not possible it could have made so deep an impression in you, had you perceiv'd it only by his silence: It was not in your power to tell me the whole truth, you have conceal'd from me the greater, and more considerable part; you have repented that little you confess'd to me, you were not able to finish your Confession: I am*
more

more unhappy than I thought I was, and the unhappiest of Men. You are my Wife, I love you as my Mistress, and the same time see you in love with another; and he the most amiable in the Court: He sees you every day, and knows you are in love with him. Ha, crys he, I believ'd you might overcome the Passion you had for him, but sure I had lost my Reason to think it. I know not, replies she very sorrowfully, whether you did ill to judge favourably of a proceeding so extraordinary as mine; nor do I know but I might be mistaken, when I thought you would do me Justice. Never doubt it, Madam, says he; you were mistaken, you expected from me things as impossible as those I expected from you: How could you think I should do you right, or act according to reason? You had sure forgot I was desperately in love with you, and that I was your Husband. Either of these were enough to run a Man into extremities, what cannot both do when thus met in one? Ha, what do they not? My sentiments, my thoughts are uncertain and violent, I cannot master them. I no longer think my self worthy of you, nor do I think you are worthy of me. I adore you, I hate you: I offend you, I beg your pardon: I admire you, I am afraid I do so. In a word, I have lost both my self, and my reason; I wonder I have been able to live since you spoke to me at Colonniers,

Colonniers, and the *Queen-Dauphin* told you the *Adventure* was known. I cannot discover how it came abroad, nor what pass'd between *Monsieur de Nemours* and you on that account. You will never acquaint me with it, nor do I desire you should: I beg only you will remember you have made me the most unfortunate, the most wretched of Men.

Monsieur de Cleve having said this, left his Wife, and departed on the morrow without seeing her; but he writ her a Letter full of trouble, civility, and kindness: she sent him an answer so moving, so full of assurance of her Conduct past and to come, that being grounded on truth, and lively expressions of the thoughts of her heart, the Letter made impression on *Monsieur de Cleve*, and restor'd, in some measure, the former tranquility and calm of his spirits: Besides, his knowing *Monsieur de Nemours* was to go to the King, and could not be with *Madam de Cleve*, contributed not a little to his repose: when-ever this Lady spoke to her Husband, the love he express'd for her, the handsomness of his proceeding, the kindness he had for her, and what she ow'd him as her Husband, had that strong operation on her, capable, one would think, to deface the Idea's she had of *Monsieur de Nemours*; but it was but for a time, and presently after the same Idea's came fresh

fresh into her mind, and made deeper impression than ever.

The first days after Monsieur *de Nemours* was gone, she was scarce sensible of his absence; at length it troubled her sore: from the hour she fell in love with him, not a day had past but she had fear'd or hop'd to meet him, and it was no small grief to her to think it was not in the power of Fortune to make them now meet one another.

She went to *Colonniers*, and order'd to be carri'd thither the great Pictures she had caus'd to be copied out of the Originals Madam *de Valentinois* had bought for her fine House at *Amet*. All the remarkable actions of the Kings Reign were represented in those Pieces: amongst the rest, was the Siege of *Metz*, and those who had signaliz'd themselves were drawn there much to the Life; Monsieur *de Nemours* was of the number, which perhaps made her desirous of the Pictures.

Madam *de Martigues* having not been able to go with the Court, promis'd to spend some days with Madam *de Cleve* at *Colonniers*. Though both shar'd the Queens favour, yet it was without envy or strangeness to one another: they continued good friends, yet neither was the others Confident of the Darling Thoughts. Madam *de Cleve* knew

Madam *de Martigues* lov'd the *Vidame*, but Madam *de Martigues* knew nothing of Madam *de Cleve*'s being in love with Monsieur *de Nemours*, nor of his love for her. Madam *de Martigues* lov'd her the better, as being Neece to the *Vidame*; and Madam *de Cleve* lov'd Madam *de Martigues*, as being in love as she her self was, and in love with the most intimate Friend of him who had a passion for her.

Madam *de Martigues* came to *Colonniers* as she promis'd, and found Madam *de Cleve* led a very desolate life, she affected solitude, and to pass the Evenings in the Gardens without the company of her Domesticks: she frequented the Pavillion where Monsieur *de Nemours* had heard her, she entred the Bour that open'd to the Forrest: her Women, and other Servants, staid in the other, or under the Pavillion, and came not to her unless she call'd them.

Madam *de Martigues* having never seen *Colonniers* before, was surpriz'd at the beauties of it, particularly at the pleasantness of the Pavillion. Madam *de Cleve* and she usually pass the Evenings there: Two young Ladies (as they) both passionately in love, being at liberty, to pass the night in the finest place in the world, knew not how to make an end of discoursing one another, being extremely

tremely pleas'd with the Conversation, though neither made the other her Confident. Madam de Martigues could hardly have left *Colonniers*, but that she was to go where the *Vidame* was: she took her leave, and went for *Chambort*, where the Court then was.

The Cardinal of *Lorrain* had anointed the King at *Rhemes*, and the design was to pass the rest of the Summer at the Castle of *Chambort*, which was newly built. The Queen express'd great joy to see Madam de Martigues at Court, and after several Evidences of it, she enquir'd what news of Madam de Cleve, and what she did in the Country: Monsieur de Nemours, and Monsieur de Cleve were both with the Queen that very time. Madam Martigues had been so taken with *Colonniers*, she gave the Queen an account of the beauties of it, and enlarg'd upon the Description of the Pavillion in the Forrest, and the pleasure Madam de Cleve took to walk alone there some part of the Night. Monsieur de Nemours, who knew the place well enough to understand Madam Martigues's discourse, thought it not impossible to have a sight of Madam de Cleve there, without being seen by any but her self. He ask'd her some questions for his better direction, and Monsieur de Cleve,

who look'd earnestly on Monsieur *de Nemours* while Madam *Martignes* was speaking, fancy'd he knew what was his design: the questions he ask'd confirm'd him the more, so that he made no doubt but he intended to go see his Wife. Nor was he mistaken; for Monsieur *de Nemours* was so set upon't, that having spent the Night in considering how to execute his design, he went betimes on the morrow to ask the King leave to go to *Paris*, on a pretended occasion.

Monsieur *de Cleve* question'd not the occasion of the Journey, but resolv'd to satisfy himself of his Wife's Conduct, and continue no longer under an uncertainty so troublesome: He had a desire to go the same time Monsieur *de Nemours* set out, and hide himself where he might discover the success of the Journey; but fearing his departure would be thought extraordinary, and Monsieur *de Nemours* upon notice might take other measures, he resolv'd to trust a Gentleman that belong'd to him, whose faithfulness and wit he was fully assur'd of: he acquainted him with the trouble he was in, and how virtuous his Wife had been till then; and order'd him to follow Monsieur *de Nemours*, watch him narrowly, and see whether he went to *Colonniers*, and whether he enter'd the Garden by Night.

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The Gentleman, very capable of such a Commission, discharg'd it with a great deal of exactness: he follow'd Monsieur *de Nemours* to a Village within half a league of *Colonniers*, where Monsieur *de Nemours* made a halt; which the Gentleman easily guess'd was for no other end, but to stay there till Night. But he thought it best for him to pass through the Village, and enter the Forrest the way he thought Monsieur *de Nemours* must pass. He took his measures very right, for it was no' sooner Night but he heard some walk, and though it were dark he easily knew Monsieur *de Nemours*: He saw him go round the Garden to hearken if he could discover any Person, and spy out a place convenient to pass over. There were double Pales, and very high, on purpose to prevent entrance, so that it was hard getting over; yet Monsieur *de Nemours* made a shift to get in, and was no sooner enter'd the Garden, but he quickly knew where Madam *de Cleve* was: He saw a great light in the Bower, the Windows all open, and slipping along by the Pales side got close to the Bower; you may imagine in what trouble and Emotion he took his station behind a Window which serv'd him conveniently to see what Madam *de Cleve* was doing. He saw she was alone, but thought her beauty so admirable he

could scarce master the transport it put him in. It was hot, and she had nothing on her Head and her Neck, but her Hair hanging carelessly down. She was on a Bed of Repose, with several Baskets full of Ribbands before her, out of which she made choice of some; and he observ'd she pick'd out the very Colours he wore at the Tourney. He could see her make them up into Knots for an *Indian Cane*, which had once been his, and he had given it his Sister: *Madam de Cleve* took it from her, as if she had never known it had been his: When she had ty'd on the Knots, with a grace and sweetness suitable to the delicacy of the Sentiments in her Heart, she took a great Wax Candle in her Hand, and went to the Table over-against the Picture of the Siege of *Metz*, wherein was the Pourtrait of *Monsieur de Nemours*: She sat her down, and fell a looking on that Pourtrait with that attention and thoughtfulness, which could proceed only from a passionate love.

'Tis impossible to express the Sentiments of *Monsieur de Nemours* that moment; to see by Night, in the finest place of the World, a Person he ador'd; to see her and she not know it, to see her wholly taken up with things relating to him, and the passion she hid from him, was a pleasure no other Lover ever tasted, or imagin'd.

He

He was so transported he stood gazing at her, without considering how precious his time was : having bethought himself a little, he believ'd it best not to speak to her till she came into the Garden, where he might do it with more safety at greater distance from her Women. Yet seeing she continu'd in the Bower, he resolv'd to enter: When about to do it, what trouble was he in? how fearful to displease her, and make her **change her Countenance** so full of sweetness and love, into looks full of anger and severity!

Presently he thought he had done very unwisely (not to come see *Madam de Cleve*, but) to think of appearing to her: He look'd on it as an extravagant boldness, to surprize, at midnight, a Person to whom he never durst declare his passion for her: He could not see how he could pretend to audience from her, but believ'd she might justly be offended with him, for the danger he expos'd her to by the Accidents might happen. His courage quite fail'd him, and he was several times upon the point of returning without letting her see him: Yet push'd on with the desire he had to speak to her, and encourag'd by the hopes given him by what he had newly seen, he advanc'd a few steps, but in such disorder, that a Scarf he wore catch'd

at the Window and made a noise. Madam *de Cleve* turn'd about, and whether her Fancy was full of him, or that she stood in a place so directly to the light that she might know him, she thought it was he; and without the least hesitation, or once looking towards him, went into the place where her Women were. She was so disorder'd, that to conceal it from them, she told them she was ill: Which she did to give them employment about her, and him an opportunity of escaping unseen. Reflecting on what was past, she thought her self deceiv'd, and that she did but fancy she had seen him: she knew he was at *Chambort*, and could not perswade her self he would have undertaken so hazardous a Journey. She had a mind several times to return into the Garden, to see if any one were there; and perhaps she no less desir'd, than fear'd, to find Monsieur *de Nemours* there: At last reason prevail'd, and she thought it more prudent to continue in doubt, than to run the hazard of clearing the matter; yet she could not of a long time resolve to quit a place she thought him so near to, and it was almost day e're she return'd to the Castle.

Monsieur *de Nemours* staid in the Garden while there was any light, in hopes of another sight of Madam *de Cleve*, though he
was

was perswaded she knew him, and was gone out of purpose to shun him ; but hearing the Doors lock'd, his hopes were at an end. He went to take Horse near the place where Monsieur *de Cleve's* Gentleman was watching him. This Gentleman follow'd him to the same Village, where he left him in the Evening. Monsieur *de Nemours* resolv'd to spend the rest of the Day there, and return at Night to *Colonniers*, to see if Madam *de Cleve* would have the cruelty to shun him, or not expose her self to view. He was very glad to find himself so much in her thoughts, yet it could not but trouble him to see her so bent to avoid him.

Never was passion so tender and violent as that of this Prince : He went under the Willows along a little Brook that ran behind the House, where he hid himself, that no notice might be taken of him. He gave himself up to the transports of his Love, which were so vehement he let fall some tears ; not those of pure grief, but mingled with the pleasure and charms Love only is acquainted with.

He was now at leisure to reflect on all the Actions of Madam *de Cleve*, since he had been in love with her. What a modest rigour she had always us'd him with, though she lov'd him. *For 'tis certain, says he, she loves me, I can-*

I cannot doubt of it ; the deepest engagements, the highest favours, are not so infallible Evidences of it, as those I have seen : yet she uses me as if she hated me. I hoped time would have produc'd in her some change in my favour, but now I must not expect it ; I find her still upon her Guard against me, and her self : If she did not love me I would apply myself to please her ; but I please her, she loves me, and yet hides it from me : what am I to expect ? what change can I hope of my Fate ? what, shall I have the love of the most amiable Person in the world, and be under that excess of passion that proceeds from the certainty of being lov'd by her, only to make me more sensible of being ill us'd ? Let me see you love me, fair Princess, crys he, declare to me your Sentiments, let me once in my Life be assur'd of them by you ; I am content you should resume your rigour, and use me ever after with the severity that so mortifies me : Look on me at least with those Eyes you look'd last Night on my Picture in my sight. Can you look with so much kindness on my Picture, yet shun me so cruelly ? what are you afraid of ? You love me, and 'tis in vain to conceal it from me ; you have, against your will, given me Evidences of it. I know my good fortune, permit me to enjoy it, and do not make me unhappy. Is't possible Madam de Cleve should love me, yet

yet I be unhappy? How beautiful she appear'd in the Night? how did I forbear throwing myself at her Feet? Had I done it, perhaps the respect I express'd for her would have kept her from shunning me: Yet peradventure she did not know me, I trouble myself more than I need: the sight of a Man at an hour so extraordinary would have frighten'd her. These thoughts took up his time all the Day, he wish'd impatiently for the Night; and as soon as it came he went for *Colonniers*. Monsieur de Cleve's Gentleman, being disguis'd, that he might be less observ'd, follow'd him to the place he had follow'd him the Night before, and saw him enter the Garden again. Monsieur de Nemours quickly found Madam de Cleve had not expos'd her self to a second view, the Garden-Doors being all shut, he turn'd him every way about to discover light, but saw none.

Madam de Cleve apprehending he might return, kept her Chamber, fearing she might not still have the power to shun him; and unwilling to expose her self to the hazard of speaking to him in a manner so unsuitable to her Conduct hitherto.

Monsieur de Nemours, though out of hopes of seeing her, could not resolve to quit presently a place she frequented. He pass'd that Night in the Garden, and had the plea-

pleasure of seeing the Objects she beheld every day. It was Sun-rising e're he thought of retiring, which he did at last for fear of being discover'd.

He had not the power to go for Court, without having seen *Madam de Cleve*. He went to his Sisters, the *Duchess of Mercœur*, at her House near *Colonniers*: She was extremely surpriz'd at her Brother's arrival, but he invented so probable a Pretence for his Journey, and order'd his business so handsomly, that she made the first Proposal of visiting *Madam de Cleve*. This design was to be executed that very day, *Monsieur de Nemours* having told his Sister, he would leave her at *Colonniers*, and go directly thence to the King. This he did in hopes she would take her leave before his departure from *Colonniers*, and afford him an infallible opportunity of speaking to *Madam de Cleve*.

At their arrival she was walking in the Garden: The sight of *Monsieur de Nemours* troubled her not a little, and silenc'd all doubts of her having seen him the Night before: It anger'd her to find him guilty of so much boldness, and impudence. He was heartily troubled to observe in her Countenance an Air of Coldness towards him. Their discourse was general, yet he had the address to shew so much wit, so much complaisance,

plaisance, and admiration for Madam de Cleve; that he dissipated in some measure the coldness she had express'd towards him at first.

His first fear being over, he seem'd very curious to see the Pavillion in the Forrest: He spoke of it as the most pleasant place in the World, and describ'd it so particularly, that Madam de Mercœur told him, he must needs have been often there, to be so well acquainted with all the beauties of it. *I do not think for all that,* says Madam de Cleve, *Monsieur de Nemours has ever been there: it has been finish'd but a while since.* 'Tis not long since I have been there, says he, looking on her; and I cannot tell whether I have not reason to be glad you have forgot seeing me there. Madam de Mercœur was so taken up with viewing the beauty of the Gardens, she minded not what her Brother said. Madam de Cleve blush'd, and with her Eyes to the Ground, without looking on Monsieur de Nemours, *I do not remember,* says she, *I ever saw you there; and if you were ever there, it was without my knowledge.* 'Tis true, Madam, says he, *I was there without order, and pass'd there the most cruel, as well as the most pleasant moments of my Life.*

Madam de Cleve understood very well what he said, but made him no answer: Her care was

was to prevent *Madam de Mercœur's* going into the Bower where *Monsieur de Nemours's* Picture was, which she had no mind should be seen. She kept her in discourse, and the time pass'd away so insensibly, that *Madam de Mercœur* began to talk of going homewards: But when *Madam de Cleve* saw *Monsieur de Nemours* and his Sister were not to go together, she quickly guess'd what she might be expos'd to, and was in the same straight she had been in at *Paris*, and made use of the same Expedient: The fear she had this Visit might confirm her Husbands suspicions, contributed much to the resolution she took. That *Monsieur de Nemours* might not continue alone with her, she told *Madam de Mercœur* she would bring her as far as the edge of the Forrest, and order'd her Coach to be made ready. *Monsieur de Nemours* turn'd pale as Ashes, at the rigour of *Madam de Cleve*. *Madam de Mercœur* ask'd him if he were ill. He look'd on *Madam de Cleve*, (though no body perceiv'd it,) and convinc'd her by his looks, his illness was a pure effect of his despair. However, there was no remedy but he must leave her in his Sisters company, without daring to follow her; and having told his Sister he would return to Court directly from *Colonniers*, there was no going back with her. He went for *Paris*,
and

and thence on the morrow for *Chambort*.

Monsieur de Cleve's Gentleman had observ'd him all this while. He follow'd him to *Paris*, and when he found Monsieur de Nemours was gone for *Chambort*, he took Post to get thither before him, and give account of his Journey. His Master expected his return with impatience, as if the happiness, or unhappiness of his Life depended upon it.

As soon as he saw him, he gather'd from his Countenance, and his silence, he had no good news for him: He continued some time astonish'd, with his Face dejected, and not able to speak to him; at last he made signs with his hand he should withdraw. Go, says he, *I know what you have to say to me; but I have not the power to hear it. I cannot inform you any thing,* says the Gentleman, *on which to ground a sure Judgment. 'Tis true, Monsieur de Nemours went two Nights successively into the Garden in the Forrest, and the Day after he was at Colonniers with the Duchess of Mercœur. 'Tis enough,* replies Monsieur de Cleve, *'tis enough,* making signs to him to withdraw; *I need no further discovery.* The Gentleman was forc'd to leave his Master abandon'd to his despair, which was perhaps the most violent of any hath been known: few men of his courage, and
so

so deeply in love as he, having felt the same time the grief caus'd by the unfaithfulness of a Mistress, and the same occasion'd by being deceiv'd by a Wife.

His trouble was so great, it presently cast him into a Fever; and with such ill Symptoms, it was thought very dangerous. *Madam de Cleve* was inform'd of it, and came away in all haste to him. When she arriv'd he was worse: besides, she found him in such a strangeness and coldness for her, she was equally surpriz'd and afflicted at it: She saw it was a pain to him to receive the services she did him in his sickness, but she imputed it to his Malady.

When she was come to the Court at *Blois*, *Monsieur de Nemours* could not forbear expressing his joy at her being in the same place where he was: He endeavour'd to see her, and went every day to *Monsieur de Cleve's*, under pretence of enquiring after his health, but all to no purpose: she stirr'd not out of her Husband's Chamber, and was sorry at the heart for the condition he was in. It maddened *Monsieur de Nemours* to see her so afflicted, as an Evidence of her kindness for *Monsieur de Cleve*, and a dangerous diversion for the affection she had for *Monsieur de Nemours*. But *Monsieur de Cleve* was sick to that extremity, it gave him new hopes:
He

He saw it very probable *Mad. de Cleve* should be shortly at liberty to follow her inclination, and that he might expect some durable pleasure and happiness for the future. But these thoughts were too full of trouble and transport to last, and the fear of further misfortune, by being frustrated of his hopes, put them quite out of his Head.

Monsieur de Cleve the mean time was almost given up by the Physicians. One Morning (having had a very ill Night) he said he would rest: *Madam de Cleve* alone continu'd with him in the Chamber, and instead of taking any Repose, thought him very restless. She fell on her Knees by his Bed-side, and though *Monsieur de Cleve* had set up a resolution never to acquaint her with the violent displeasure he had conceiv'd against her, yet the care she took of him, and her great affliction (which he could not but sometimes think real, as at other times he look'd on it as an Evidence of dissimulation and perfideousness) distracted him so violently with contrary Sentiments, that it was not in his power not to give them vent.

You shed many tears, Madam, says he, for a Death you are the cause of, and cannot give you the trouble you pretend to be in. I am no longer in a condition to reproach you, adds he, with a Voice weakened with sickness and
Q grief;

grief; but I die with the cruel and tormenting displeasure you occasion'd me: Was it necessary an Action so extraordinary as that you told me of at Colonniers should have Consequences so very unsuitable? Why would you declare to me your passion for Monsieur de Nemours, if your Vertue could hold out no longer to resist it? I lov'd you to that extremity, I would have been glad to have been deceiv'd, I confess it to my shame: I have lamented my loss of that false repose you robb'd me of; why did you not leave me in that quiet blindness so many Husbands live in? peradventure I had never known you had been in love with Monsieur de Nemours: I shall die, says he, but know, you have made Death welcom and pleasing to me; and having depriv'd me of the esteem and tenderneſs I had for you, you have render'd my life a trouble, I cannot but abhor it: What should I live for, continues he, to spend my days with a Person I have lov'd so extremely, and as cruelly been deceiv'd by, or to live apart from the same person, and to break out openly into violences so opposite to my humor, and the love I had for you? a love greater than it appear'd to you; Madam, I hid a great part of it from you, for fear of being troublesome to you and forfeiting your Esteem by actions and expressions of it not becoming a Husband. In a word, I deserv'd your affection more than once;

once ; yet I die without regret, since I could not have it, nor can desire it any longer. Adieu, Madam : you will one day be sorry for a Man that lov'd you with a true and honest passion: You will feel the smart of your Engagements, and know the difference between being lov'd as I lov'd you, and their love, who pretending affection for you, seek only the honour of seducing you : But my death will set you at liberty, and you may without a Crime make Monsieur de Nemours happy. what matters it what happens when I am no more, must I have the weakness to trouble my head with those things ?

Madam de Cleve was so far from imagining her Husband suspected her, she understood not what he meant, and fancied only he reproach'd her for the Inclination she had for Monsieur de Nemours. At last, awak'd on the sudden ; 'A Crime, says she, I am a stranger to the thoughts of it ; the severest Vertue could not have prescrib'd any Conduct but that I have follow'd ; I never did any thing but I wish'd you a Witness of it : 'Could you have wish'd me a Witness, replies he, (looking on her with disdain) the Nights you spent with Monsieur de Nemours ? Ah, Madam, is it you I speak of, when I speak of a Lady that hath spent Nights with a Man not her Husband ! No,

‘ Sir, *says she*, I am not the Person you speak
 ‘ of; I never spent a Night, nor a moment
 ‘ with Monsieur *de Nemours*; he never saw
 ‘ me in private, I never endur’d he should do
 ‘ it, I never gave him the hearing, I would
 ‘ take all the Oaths—— No more, Madam,
 ‘ I pray, *says he*, a false Oath, or a Confession,
 ‘ would perhaps trouble me alike. Madam
 ‘ *de Cleve* had not the power to answer, her
 ‘ tears and her grief took away her speech:
 ‘ Striving at last, ‘ Look on me, *says she*, at
 ‘ least give me the hearing; were it only my
 ‘ Concern, I would bear your Reproaches,
 ‘ but your Life is in the case: Hear me for
 ‘ your own sake, I am so Innocent, it is im-
 ‘ possible but I shall convince you of the
 ‘ truth. Would to God you could perswade
 ‘ me to it, *crys he*, but what is’t you can say?
 ‘ Hath not Monsieur *de Nemours* been at Co-
 ‘ lonniers with his Sister? Had he not spent
 ‘ the two Nights before with you in the For-
 ‘ rest Garden? If that be my Crime, *replies*
 ‘ *she*, I can easily justify my self: I do not de-
 ‘ sire you should take my word; ask all your
 ‘ Domesticks, and they will tell you whether
 ‘ I went into the Garden the Night before
 ‘ Monsieur *de Nemours* came to *Colonniers*;
 ‘ and whether the Night before, that I went
 ‘ not out of the Garden two hours sooner
 ‘ than ordinary: She told him, she thought
 she

she had seen one in the Garden, and confest she believ'd it was Monsieur *de Nemours*. She spoke with that confidence, and truth, though improbable, is naturally so perswasive, that Monsieur *de Cleve* was almost convinc'd of her Innocence: 'I cannot tell, *says* he, whether I ought to believe you; but I find my self so near death, I would not know any thing should make me unwilling to die; you have convinc'd me too late, yet it will ever be a comfort to me, to go away with the thought of your being still worthy the Esteem I have had for you: Let me intreat you I may be assur'd of this further comfort, that my Memory shall be dear to you; and that if it had been in your power, you would have had for me the kindness you have for another. He would have gone on, but was so weak, his speech fail'd him. Madam *de Cleve* call'd in the Physicians, who found him at the point of death; yet he languish'd some days, and dy'd at last with admirable Constancy.

Madam *de Cleve* was so afflicted, she was almost beside her self. The Queen came to see her, and took her into a Covent, yet she was not sensible of it: her Sisters-in-Law brought her back to *Paris*, when she was not yet in a condition to give an account of her grief: But when she began to have the power

to consider what a Husband she had lost, that she had been the cause of his death, and by a passion she had had for another, the horror she had for her self, and for Monsieur *de Nemours*, surpasses expression.

Monsieur *de Nemours* at first durst pay her no other Respects but what decency requir'd: He knew her too well to think any other would be acceptable, and found afterwards he must observe the same Conduct a very long time.

A Servant of his told him, that Monsieur *de Cleve's* Gentleman, being his intimate Friend, and lamenting to him the loss of his Master, said to him, that Monsieur *de Nemour's* Journey to *Colonniers* had caus'd his death. Monsieur *de Nemours* was extremely surpriz'd at the discourse; yet after some reflection, he could guess partly at the truth of it, and judg'd presently what Madam *de Cleve* would think of him, and what a distance it would occasion between them, if she once believ'd her Husbands distemper proceeded from his jealousy of him: He thought it not best to put her in mind so quickly of his Name, and stuck to that resolution, though it went against the heart of him.

He took a journey to *Paris*, and could not forbear calling at her Gate to ask how she did: He was told she admitted no Visit, and had

had commanded they should not trouble her with an account of any that came to see her; an Order given perhaps on purpose to prevent her hearing of Monsieur *de Nemours*: but he was too deeply in love to live absolutely depriv'd of the sight of her, and resolv'd to find means, how difficult soever, to get out of a condition he thought so intolerable.

Madam *de Cleve* afflicted her self beyond Reason; the Death of her Husband, and caus'd by her, a Husband dying with such tenderness for her, still ran in her mind, she could not forbear reflecting every moment on the duty she ought him, and condemning her self she had not had the affection for him he deserv'd, as if it had depended on her power: All the comfort she had, was to know she lamented the loss of him as his Merit requir'd, and was resolv'd the rest of her life to do nothing but what, had he liv'd, he would have been certainly pleas'd with.

She had often been thinking how he came to know Monsieur *de Nemours* had been at *Colonniers*: She could not suspect he had told him; yet if he had, she valued it little, she thought her self so perfectly cur'd of the passion she had had for him: but she was griev'd at the heart to think him the cause of her Husbonds Death, and was troubled at the

thought of the fear Monsieur *de Cleve* had exprest at his Death she would marry him: But these griefs were drown'd all together in that of the loss of her Husband, which was so great, she seem'd to have no other.

After several Months the violence of her affliction began to abate, and she fell into a state of sadness and melancholly, being seiz'd with a pining and languishing grief: Madam *de Martiques* made a journey to *Paris*, and during her stay there visited her often; she entertain'd her with discourse of the Court, and the passages there; and though Madam *de Cleve* appear'd unconcern'd, yet Madam *de Martiques* continued that discourse, in hopes to divert her.

She told her news of the *Vidame*, of Monsieur *de Guise*, and all others any way remarkable for their Persons or Merit. As for Monsieur *de Nemours*, says she, I cannot tell whether business hath not dispossest his heart of the Gallantry he was so much addicted to: sure I am he is not gay and jovial as he us'd to be, and he seems not to affect the company of Ladies; he goes often to *Paris*, and I believe is there now. Madam *de Cleve* was so surpriz'd at the name of *Nemours*, that she blush'd: But she chang'd the discourse, and Madam *de Martiques* perceiv'd not the concern she was in.

The

The morrow Madam *de Cleve* being in search of business suitable to her condition, went to a Neighbours house, who was famous for having a particular Excellency in weaving of Silks, and she design'd to have some done to her fancy. Having seen several pieces of his work, she spy'd a Chamber-door where she thought there were more Silks, and spoke to them to open it: The Master answer'd he had not the Key, and that the Chamber was taken by a man who came at certain hours of the day to take the Prospect and Plat-form of the fair houses and Gardens to be seen from his Windows. He is, adds he, the handsomest man I ever saw, and looks not like one that works for his living; whenever he comes, I observe he looks still towards the houses and Gardens, but I can never see him work.

Madam *de Cleve* heard this discourse very attentively; what Madam *de Martigues* had told her (that Monsieur *de Nemours* was now and then at *Paris*) she apply'd in her fancy to that handsom man coming so near her Lodging, and grew up into an Idea of Monsieur *de Nemours*, labouring for a sight of her, which gave her a confus'd trouble which she knew not the cause of: she went towards the Windows to see where they look'd, and found they fac'd the Garden, and her Apartment.

When

When she went to her Chamber, she could easily see the Window where she was told that man used to stand in for taking his Prospect. The thought that it was Monsieur *de Nemours* produc'd a great alteration in her: she presently lost that melancholly repose she had begun to enjoy, and fell into great disquiet, and disturbance of spirit: Not able to stay at home, she went to take the air in a Garden in the Suburbs, where she hop'd to be alone: At her arrival she thought she was not deceiv'd, and walk'd a pretty while without seeing the appearance of any one.

Having cross'd a little Wilderness, she perceiv'd at the end of a Walk, in the further part of the Garden, a kind of Bower open on all sides, and made towards it. When she came near, she saw a man laid on the Bank who seem'd sunk into deep meditation, and upon stricter view appear'd to be Monsieur *de Nemours*: she stopt immediately, but her people who waited on her made some noise, which rouz'd Monsieur *de Nemours* out of the study he was in. He to avoid the Company he thought was coming towards him, started out of his place, without so much as looking about who had made the noise, and turn'd away into an Alley, having made a low Reverence, which hinder'd him to see those he saluted.

Had

Had he known whom he avoided, how quickly would he have return'd? But he went on along the Alley, and Madam *de Cleve* saw him go out at a back-door, where his Coach waited for him. What an effect produc'd this sight in the heart of Madam *de Cleve*? what passions did it raise there? what a flame did it kindle out of the Embers of love? and with what violence it burnt? She went and sat her down in the place Monsieur *de Nemours* was newly risen from; her fancy immediately represented him the most amiable Person in the World, and one who had long lov'd her with a passion full of respect and fidelity, slighting all for her, respectful even to his torment, labouring to see her without a thought of being seen by her, quitting the Court (whose Darling he was) to come and lock on the Walls where she had inclos'd her self, and spend his melancholly hours in places where he had no hopes to meet her. In a word, a man who deserv'd love for the manner of his Engagement, and for whom she had an inclination so violent, she could not have chosen but have lov'd him, though he had not lov'd her; besides, a man of high Quality, and suitable to hers: All the obstacles from Duty or Vertue were now remov'd; and of their former Estate, there remain'd now only the passion Monsieur
de

de Nemours had for her, and the passion she had for Monsieur *de Nemours*.

These Idea's were all new (her affliction for the death of Monsieur *de Cleve* having so taken her up, that she had not of a long time entertain'd a thought of Monsieur *de Nemours*, but) at the sight of him they croud-ed into her head and her heart.

But having taken her fill of these thoughts, when she remembred that the man she look'd upon as a fit Husband for her, was the same she had lov'd in her late Husbands life, and had been the cause of his death, who as he was dying exprest a fear she would marry him, it so shock'd the severity of her Vertue, she thought it equally criminal to marry Monsieur *de Nemours*, now her Husband was dead, as it was to love him while he lived. She yielded her self up to these Reflections so pernicious to her happiness, and fortified them with many Reasons that concern'd her repose, and the inconveniences she foresaw would attend her Marriage with Monsieur *de Nemours*. At last, after two hours stay in the place where she was, she return'd home, under a perswasion she was to avoid the sight of him, as a thing absolutely contrary to her duty.

Yet this perswasion being a pure effect of her Reason and Vertue, master'd not her affection:

fection: Her heart was still for Monsieur *de Nemours*, inclining to him with that violence, it brought her into a condition to be pitied, having quite robb'd her of her repose; never had she Nights more restless and tormenting. In the morning, the first step she made, was to see if any one were at the Window that look'd towards her Apartment: she went, she saw Monsieur *de Nemours*, and return'd with that haste, he had reason to judge she knew him. He had long wish'd she might take notice of his being there, since his passion had put him upon finding that way of seeing her; and when he was out of hopes of that pleasure, his course was to go muse in the Garden where she found him.

Tir'd at last with a condition so unhappy and uncertain, he resolv'd to try some way of knowing his Fortune: 'What would I stay for, *said he*, I have known long enough she loves me; she is at liberty, and hath now no Duty to plead against me: why should I be reduc'd to see her, without being seen by her, and speaking to her? Is it possible Love should so absolutely take away my Reason, and my Courage, and make me differ so much from what I have been in my other Amours? 'Twas fit I should have expressed a respect for the grief she was under, but

‘ but I express it too long, and give her time
‘ to Master the Inclination she had for me.

After these Reflections, he thought of the means of seeing her ; he thought he had no reason to conceal his passion any longer from the *Vidame* of *Chartres*, he resolv’d to tell him of it , and the design he had for his Neece.

The *Vidame* was then at *Paris*, the Town being very full of company who came to fit their Equipage to attend the King, who was going to conduct the Queen of *Spain*. Monsieur *de Nemours* went to the *Vidame*’s, and made an Ingenuous Confession of what he had till then conceal’d from him, except only Madam *de Cleve*’s inclinations for him, which he would not own he knew.

The *Vidame* receiv’d all he said with a great deal of joy, and assur’d him, that before he knew his mind, he had often thought (since Madam *de Cleve* had been a Widdow) she was the only Lady worthy of him. Monsieur *de Nemours* pray’d him to help him to the speech of her, and let him know the same time how he found her dispos’d.

The *Vidame* propos’d to bring him to her house ; Monsieur *de Nemours* thought it might offend her, who had not yet admitted any Visit. They agreed the *Vidame* should pray her to come to his house, on some pretence

tence or other, and that Monsieur de Nemours should come to them by a Back-stair, that no notice might be taken of it. Madam de Cleve came, the Vidame went to receive her, and led her into a great Closet at the end of his Apartment: A while after Monsieur de Nemours came in, as by chance: Madam de Cleve was extremely surpriz'd to see him; she blush'd, and endeavour'd to hide it. The Vidame spoke of other matters, and went out as if he had been to give order about something. He pray'd Madam de Cleve to use no Ceremony at his house, and told her, he would return presently.

It is impossible to express the Sentiments of Monsieur de Nemours, and Madam de Cleve, seeing themselves alone, and in a condition to speak to one another, as they had never been before. Both continued silent a while: At length, *will you pardon the Vidame, Madam, says Monsieur de Nemours, that he hath given me an opportunity of speaking to you, which you have always so cruelly deny'd me?* I ought not to pardon him, replied she, *for having forgot the condition I am in, and how much he exposes my Reputation by this proceeding.* Having said so, she would have gone away; Monsieur de Nemours staid her, and said, *Fear nothing, Madam, there's no danger at all, no Body living but the Vidame knows*

I am here. But hear me, Madam, hear, if not out of any kindness you have for me, yet for your own sake, that you may be rid of the extravagancies I shall infallibly run into, through a passion I can no longer master.

Madam de Cleve yielded for once to the inclination she had for Monsieur de Nemours, and looking on him with eyes full of kindness and Charms: 'But what is't you hope for, 'says she, from the Complaisance you desire of 'me? you will perhaps repent you have obtained it, and I shall certainly repent I have 'granted it: You deserve better fortune than 'you have hitherto had, or can have for the 'future, unless you seek it elsewhere. I seek 'it elsewhere, Madam, says he, is there any 'other happiness to be found but in your 'love? Though I never spoke of it before, 'Madam, yet I could not believe you ignorant of my passion, nor imagine but you 'knew it the truest and the most violent that 'ever was, or will be: what tryals hath it 'been proof against, that you know not of? 'what tryals have you put it to by your rigour?

'You are minded to hear me speak, and I 'am resolv'd to do it, answers Madam de 'Cleve, and with that sincerity and clearness 'you shall rarely meet with in those of my 'Sex; I will not tell you I have not had that
'incli-

‘ inclination for you, you have had for me ;
‘ perhaps, should I say it, you would not be-
‘ lieve it : I will confess to you, I have not on-
‘ ly been sensible of yours for me, but as sen-
‘ sible of it as you could wish : And were
‘ you sensible of it, Madam, yet not affected
‘ with it at all ? May I presume to ask, whe-
‘ ther it made not some impression upon you ?
‘ You may judge of that by my Conduct,
‘ *says she* , but I would know what you
‘ thought of it ? I must be in a happier con-
‘ dition than I am, *says he*, before I dare answer
‘ you ; all I can tell you is, I heartily wish’d you
‘ had not confess’d to Monsieur *de Cleve* what
‘ you hid from me, and that you would have
‘ conceal’d from him, what you made ap-
‘ pear to me : How came you to know, *re-*
‘ *plies she blushing*, that I confess’d any thing to
‘ Monsieur *de Cleve* ? I knew it from your
‘ self, Madam, *says he* : but that you may par-
‘ don my boldness in listening to your dis-
‘ course : I appeal to your memory, whether
‘ I made ill use of what I heard, whether my
‘ hopes were rais’d by it in the least, or whe-
‘ ther I had any greater boldness to speak to
‘ you.

He began to give her an account how he
heard her discourse with Monsieur *de Cleve*,
but she interrupted him, saying, ‘ No more
‘ of that, I see how you came to be so well in-

form'd: I thought you knew it too well,
when the Queen-Dauphin told me the ad-
venture which she had learnt from those
you had made acquainted with it.

Monsieur *de Nemours* gave her a particular relation of it: 'You may spare your Excuses, *says she*, you have my pardon long since, though you gave me no reason for it: but since I have told you what I design'd to conceal from you while I liv'd, I will confess to you, you have inspir'd me with Sentiments I was altogether a stranger to till I saw you; and so far from imagining my self capable of them, that the surprize heightened the trouble that always attends them. I am the less ashamed to make you this confession, because it is made at a time I can do it without Crime, and that you have observ'd my Conduct was contrary to my affection.

'Can you believe, Madam, *says he*, throwing himself at her feet, but I shall die here in a transport of joy? I have told you nothing, *says she smiling*, but what you knew too well before: Ah Madam, what a difference there is between learning it by chance, and knowing it from your self, and seeing withall you are willing I should know it: 'Tis true, *replies she*, I am willing you should know it, and I find pleasure in
telling

'telling it you ; yet I cannot tell but I may
 'tell it you more for my own sake , than
 'yours ; for when all is done, you are not to
 'expect any effect suitable to the confession I
 'have made : I am resolv'd to follow the se-
 'verest Rules my duty prescribes : You are
 'at liberty, Madam, *says he* , and under no
 'obligation of duty, or if under any, (if I
 'may be allow'd to say so) 'tis in your power
 'to make it your duty to preserve those Sen-
 'timents you have had for me : My duty, *re-*
 '*plies she*, forbids me ever to think of any
 'man, but particularly of you, for reasons
 'unknown to you : They may be unknown
 'to me, Madam, *says he*, but they cannot be
 'good ; I believe Monsieur *de Cleve* thought
 'me more happy than I was, and that you
 'had approv'd those extravagancies my pas-
 'sion put me upon without your consent :
 'Let us talk no more of that Adventure, *an-*
 '*swers she*, I cannot endure the thoughts of
 'it, I am asham'd of it ; and the consequen-
 'ces have been so fatal, it grieves me at the
 'heart : 'tis but too true you were the cause
 'of Monsieur *de Cleve*'s death ; the suspicions
 'your inconsiderate Conduct rais'd in him,
 'cost him his life, no less than if you had ta-
 'ken it from him with your own hands :
 'Consider what I ought to have done, had
 'you two come to the extremity of a Duel,

‘ and he had been kill’d ; ’tis not the same
‘ thing in the eye of the World, but in mine
‘ there’s no difference, since I know ’tis you
‘ have been the cause of his death, and on
‘ my account: Ah Madam, *says he*, what a
‘ shadow of duty do you raise against my hap-
‘ piness? shall a vain and groundless fancy
‘ hinder you to render a man happy, whom
‘ you have no unkindness for? what, have I
‘ had some ground to hope I might pass my
‘ life with you? hath my fate led me to love
‘ the most Estimable Person in the World?
‘ have I observ’d in her all that can make a Mi-
‘ stress adorable? has she had no unkindness
‘ for me? have I found in her Conduct no-
‘ thing but what I would desire in my Wife?
‘ (for, Madam, you are perhaps the sole per-
‘ son in whom these two things have con-
‘ curr’d, to the degree they are in you, they
‘ that marry Mistresses who have lov’d them,
‘ cannot but fear they may use the like Con-
‘ duct towards others they have done to-
‘ wards them; but in you, Madam, I can
‘ fear nothing, I see nothing in you but mat-
‘ ter of admiration) have I had a prospect of
‘ so much felicity for no other end, but to see
‘ it obstructed by you? Ah Madam, you for-
‘ get you have distinguish’d me from the rest
‘ of men, or rather you have not distinguish’d
‘ me, you have deceiv’d your self, I have flat-
‘ ter’d my self.

‘ You

‘ You have not flatter’d your self, *says she*,
 ‘ the Reasons of my duty would perhaps not
 ‘ appear so strong to me, had I not made that
 ‘ distinction of which you seem to doubt ;
 ‘ and ’tis it gives me a Prospect of the unfor-
 ‘ tunate Consequences of a nearer Engage-
 ‘ ment with you. I have nothing to answer,
 ‘ Madam, *replies he*, when you tell me you
 ‘ are afraid of unfortunate Consequences ;
 ‘ but I confess, after all you have been pleas’d
 ‘ to say to me, I did not expect from you so
 ‘ cruel a Reason. It is so far from being in-
 ‘ tended any way offensive to you, *answers*
 ‘ *she*, I had much a-do to tell it you. Alas,
 ‘ Madam, *says he*, how can you imagine me
 ‘ so vain, to flatter my self with any thing you
 ‘ shall say to me, having heard what you
 ‘ have already told me. I will speak to you
 ‘ again, *answers she*, with the same sincerity
 ‘ as before, and without those Reserves and
 ‘ Niceties I ought to have in my first dis-
 ‘ course to you of this kind ; but I conjure
 ‘ you hear me without interruption.

‘ I think my self oblig’d to give the affe-
 ‘ ction you have for me the poor recompence
 ‘ of letting you see what my Sentiments are :
 ‘ This probably will be the only time of my
 ‘ life I shall do it in ; yet I cannot without
 ‘ blushing confess to you , that the certainty
 ‘ of being no more lov’d by you, as I am, ap-

‘pears to me so dreadful a misfortune, that
‘had I not invincible Reasons, grounded on
‘my duty, I doubt very much whether it
‘would be in my power to expose my self to
‘that unhappiness. I know you are free, and
‘that I am so, and that the condition of
‘things is such, that the Publick perhaps
‘should have no cause to blame you or me,
‘should we be engag’d to one another for e-
‘ver. But are men us’d to continue their af-
‘fection during those long Engagements?
‘or am I to expect a Miracle in my favour!
‘And shall I put my self in a condition to see
‘that passion at an end, in which I place all
‘my felicity? Monsieur *de Cleve* was perhaps
‘the only man in the World capable to pre-
‘serve and maintain a passion for his Wife;
‘it was my ill fate I was not able to reap the
‘advantage of that happiness; and perhaps
‘his passion had not lasted, but that he found
‘I had none, but I should not have the same
‘means to preserve yours: I believe you owe
‘your constancy to the obstacles you have
‘met with; you saw enough to ingage you
‘to encounter and overcome them, and my
‘actions against my will, or what you learnt
‘by chance, gave you too great hopes to be
‘discourag’d.

‘Ah Madam, says Monsieur *de Nemours*,
‘I am not able to keep the silence you com-
‘mande

‘manded me ; you do me too much inju-
‘stice, and make it appear too clearly, you
‘are far from being prepossess’d in my favour :
‘I confess, *says she*, my passions may lead me,
‘but they cannot blind me ; nothing can
‘hinder me to know you have a natural di-
‘position to Gallantry, and all the qualities
‘requisite to give you success ; you have al-
‘ready been in love with several, and you
‘will be so again : I should be no longer she
‘you plac’d your happiness in, I should see
‘you as much for another as you had been
‘for me: this would mortally grieve me, and
‘I am not sure I could save my self from the
‘torment of Jealousie : I have said already
‘too much to conceal from you, that you
‘have made me know what Jealousie is,
‘and that it tormented me so cruelly the
‘night the Queen gave me *Madam de The-*
‘*mines* Letter, which it was said was address’d
‘to you, that I have to this moment an Idea
‘of it, makes me believe it the greatest of
‘evils: There’s not a woman, but out of
‘vanity or inclination hath a mind to ingage
‘you ; there are very few but you please ;
‘my experience would make me believe
‘there is not any but it is in your power to
‘please: I should think you always in love,
‘and belov’d, and I should not be often mi-
‘staken ; yet in this case, what remedy for

‘me but patience? I question much whether I should dare complain: a Lover may be reproach’d, but shall a Husband be so, for no other cause but that he loves one no longer? Could I use my self to bear a misfortune of this nature, should it ever be in my power to bear that of imagining I saw Monsieur *de Cleve* every hour accuse you of his death, and reproach me I had lov’d you, I had marry’d you, and make me sensible of the difference between his kindness and yours? ’Tis impossible for me to overcome the strength of these Reasons; I must continue in the condition I am in, and the resolution I have taken never to alter it.

‘Ha, do you think you can do it, Madam, cries Monsieur *de Nemours*, do you believe you can hold that resolution against a man that adores you, and hath the happiness to please you? ’Tis more difficult than you think, Madam, to resist that which pleases and loves us; you have done it by an unparallel’d severity of vertue, but that vertue no longer opposes your affections, and I hope you will follow your inclination, though against your will: I know, *says she*, there’s nothing more difficult than what I undertake, I mistrust my own strength in the midst of my Reasons; the duty I owe the memory of Monsieur *de Cleve* would be
‘too

' too weak, if not supported by Reasons
 ' drawn from the concern of my repose, and
 ' the interest of my repose hath need of sup-
 ' port from Reasons grounded on my duty to
 ' his memory : yet though I distrust my self,
 ' I believe I shall never overcome my scru-
 ' ples, nor have I any hopes to overcome the
 ' inclination I have for you ; it will make
 ' me unhappy, and I must deny my self the
 ' sight of you, how hard soever I strain for't.
 ' I conjure you by all the power I have over
 ' you, never more seek an occasion to see
 ' me: I am in a condition makes that Crimi-
 ' nal, which were allowable another time;
 ' Decency forbids me all Commerce with
 ' you. Monsieur de Nemours threw himself
 at her feet, and by his words, and his tears,
 exprest the tenderest and liveliest passion that
 ever heart was affected with: Madam de
 Cleve was not insensible, and with eyes swell'd
 with tears, *why must it be, cries she, that I*
should charge you with the death of Monsieur
de Cleve? why did not my first acquaintance
with you begin since I have been at liberty, or
why did I not know you before I was engag'd?
why did Fate separate us by such invincible
obstacles? There is no obstacle at all, Madam,
 replies he, *you, and you only obstruct all my*
happiness; you impose upon your self a Law
which neither Vertue nor Reason require you
to

to do : 'Tis true, says she, I sacrifice much to a duty which subsists only in my imagination ; have patience, and expect what time may produce ; Monsieur de Cleve is but newly dead ; the sad Object is so near, and so fresh, it cannot as yet but dazzle my eye-sight, I see not things clearly and distinctly as before ; the mean time enjoy the pleasure to know you have gain'd the Heart of a Person, who would never have lov'd any man had she not seen you : Believe the Sentiments I have for you will last for ever, and whatever becomes of me, they will still be the same. Farewel, says she, I am asham'd of this discourse ; I am willing you should give the Vidame an account of it, and I pray you to do it.

It was not in his power to stay her any longer : As she was going out, she found the Vidame in the next Room ; he saw her so troubled he durst not speak to her, and led her into her Coach without saying a word to her. He came back to Monsieur de Nemours, who was so full of Joy, of Grief, of Astonishment, of Admiration, of all those affections that attend a passion full of hope, and of fear, that he had not the use of his Reason. It was a long time e're the Vidame could get from him an account of their discourse : He had it at last, and (setting Love aside) Monsieur de Chartres no less admir'd the Vertue,

Vertue, the Wit, and Merit of Madam *de Cleve*, than Monsieur *de Nemours* did: They consider'd what he was reasonably to hope for; and as fearful as his Love made him, he agreed with the *Vidame* it was impossible she should hold long in that resolution; yet they thought it necessary to obey her Orders, lest if the Publick should take notice of his inclination for her, and she should declare herself, and enter into Engagements before the World, which she would afterwards stick to for fear it should be thought she lov'd him in her Husbands life-time.

Monsieur *de Nemours* resolv'd to follow the King, without so much as endeavouring to have sight of Madam *de Cleve*, from the usual place, before he went. He pray'd the *Vidame* to speak to her in his favour: What an infinite number of Reasons did he furnish him with to perswade her against her scruples? The *Vidame* thought he would never make an end, having made it late in the night before he ended his discourse.

As for Madam *de Cleve*, it was a matter so new to her, to have been out of the restraint she had impos'd on her self, to have endur'd the first Declaration of Love ever made to her, and to have declar'd her self to be in Love, that she scarce knew her self: she was
ama-

amaz'd at what she had done, she repented it, she was glad of it, all her thoughts were full of trouble and passion: she examin'd again the Reasons of her duty which obstructed her happiness; she was sorry to find them so strong, and repented she had made them out so clear to *Monsieur de Nemours*, though the first moment she saw him in the Garden she presently had a thought of marrying him; but that thought had not made such impression, as the discourse had since with him; and sometimes she could not comprehend how she could be unhappy in marrying him: She could have wisht with all her heart she had had no grounds for her past scruples, nor future: At other times, Reason and her Duty shewed her so many things to the contrary, that carried her violently into a resolution not to marry again, nor ever to see *Monsieur de Nemours*; yet this was a resolution hard to be establish'd in a Heart so mov'd as hers, and so newly abandon'd to the Charms of Love. At last, to be at some ease, she thought it was not yet necessary to force herself to take these violent resolutions: She had in decency a long time to consider of it; yet she was fully resolv'd to hold no further Correspondence with *Monsieur de Nemours*. The *Vidame* came to see her, and serv'd *Monsieur de*

de Nemours with all the wit and industry imaginable ; but he could not persuade her to alter her Conduct, nor to revoke her rigorous Orders to *Monsieur de Nemours* not to see her. She told the *Vidame* her design was not to alter her condition ; that she knew she should meet with some difficulty in putting it in Execution, but hop'd she should be able to do it. She made him so sensible how much she was concern'd at the opinion of *Monsieur de Nemours* having caus'd the death of her Husband, and how fully she was convinc'd it was against her duty to marry him, that the *Vidame* was afraid it would be very difficult to take away those impressions. He did not acquaint *Monsieur de Nemours* with his Apprehensions, but gave him an account of their discourse, and all the hopes a man who is belov'd can reasonably have. They went away on the morrow to meet the King. The *Vidame* writ to *Madam de Cleve*, at the request of *Monsieur de Nemours*, to speak in his behalf: In a second Letter from the *Vidame* to her, *Monsieur de Nemours* writ a line or two with his own hand ; but *Madam de Cleve* resolv'd to observe strictly the Rules she had prescrib'd her self, and fearing the accidents Letters are subject to, writ to the *Vidame* she would not receive any more Letters from

from him, if he continued to mention Monsieur *de Nemours*; and added such Asseverations, that Monsieur *de Nemours* made it his request to the *Vidame*, not to name him any more.

The Court went to conduct the Queen of Spain as far as *Poitou*; Madam *de Cleve* continued at home: the more distant she was from Monsieur *de Nemours*, and every thing that might put her in mind of him, the more she remembered Monsieur *de Cleve*, whose memory she made it her business to honour. The Reasons for her not marrying Monsieur *de Nemours*, appear'd very strong on the account of her Duty, but altogether invincible, when she consulted her Repose: The Opinion she had, Marriage would put an end to his Love, and the torments of Jealousie be the infallible Consequent, gave her the prospect of inevitable unhappiness if she consented to his desires: On the other side, she thought it impossible to refuse (if he were present) the most amiable Man in the World, who lov'd her, and whom she lov'd, and to refuse him in a thing that shock'd neither Vertue nor Honour; she thought nothing but absence and distance could give her the power to do it; she found she stood in need of it, not only to maintain her resolution to be
be

be no further engag'd, but to keep her from seeing Monsieur *de Nemours*: she resolv'd to take a long Journey to pass away the time she was oblig'd in decency to live retir'd: the large Possessions in Lands she had towards the *Pyrenees*, she thought the most proper place she could pick out. She set out a few days before the Court return'd, and writ at parting to the *Vidame*, to conjure him not to think of once enquiring after her, nor writing to her.

Monsieur *de Nemours* was more troubled at this Journey, than another would have been at the death of his Mistress: the thought of being depriv'd a long time of the sight of Madam *de Cleve* griev'd him extremely, and the more in that it happen'd when he had lately enjoy'd the pleasure of seeing her, and seeing her affected with his passion; his affliction increas'd daily. Madam *de Cleve* was no sooner arriv'd at her house near the *Pyrenees*, but she fell desperately ill. The news was brought to Court: Monsieur *de Nemours* was inconsolable, his grief proceeded to despair and extravagance: The *Vidame* had much ado to make him forbear shewing his passion in publick, and was scarce able to keep him from going in Person to enquire how she did. The kindness and
near

near Relation between her and the *Vidame*, was a very good pretence to send several Courriers to her. At last they brought certain news she was out of that extremity of danger she had been in, but had still a languishing malady that took away the hopes of life.

This gave her a sight of Death, both near and at distance, and represented to her the things of this World quite otherwise than they appear to those in health. The necessity of dying she saw her self so near to, wean'd her from the World; and her malady was so lingring, it accustom'd her to it, and made it habitual; yet when she was a little recover'd, she found Monsieur *de Nemours* was not quite defac'd out of her heart; but to defend her self against him, she call'd to her aid all the Reasons she thought she had against marrying again. After long conflict, she subdued the relicks of that passion, which had been weakned by the Sentiments she had in her sickness; the thoughts of death having reproach'd her with the memory of Monsieur *de Cleve*, and being agreeable to her duty, made deep impression in her heart. She saw clearly the vanity of the passions and Engagements of the World, her weakness of Body contributed much to her Constancy;

stancy; yet being sensible what power opportunity hath over the sagest resolutions, she was unwilling to hazard the breach of those she had taken, by returning into any place where she might see him she lov'd. Under pretence of changing the Air she retir'd into a Religious House, without declaring a settled resolution of quitting the Court.

At the first news of it, Monsieur *de Nemours* felt the weight of her retreat, and saw the importance of it. He believed presently his hopes were at end, but omitted not any thing that might oblige her to return to Court: He prevail'd with the Queen to write; he made the Vidame not only write but go to her, but all to no purpose: the Vidame saw her, but she told him she had settled her resolution. Yet he was of opinion she would not return to Court. At last Monsieur *de Nemours* went himself to her, under pretence of going to the Waters; she was extremely surpriz'd and troubled at the news of his coming, she sent him word by a person of merit, whom she lov'd, that she desir'd him not to take it ill if she did not expose her self to the danger of seeing him, & destroying by his presence those sentiments she was in duty obliged to preserve: that she desir'd he

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should

should know she found it both against her duty and repose, to yield to the inclination she had to be his, and that therefore all things else in the world were become so indifferent to her, she had renounc'd them for ever, and taken her leave of the world; that her thoughts were wholly imploy'd about the things of another life; but as to this, she desir'd nothing else, but to see him so dispos'd as she was.

Monsieur *de Nemours* was like to have dy'd in the presence of her who brought him the news: Madam *de Cleves* had not only absolutely forbidden her to carry any message from him, but to give her account of their discourse upon her delivering him the message from Madam *de Cleve*: thus was Monsieur *de Nemours* forc'd to part oppress'd with the heaviest grief a man is capable of, who hath lost all hopes of ever seeing again a person he lov'd, not only with the most violent, but the most natural and best grounded passion that ever was. Yet he was not so discourag'd, but he us'd all means imaginable to induce her to alter her design: At last after several years, time and absence abated his grief and extinguish'd his flame: Madam *de Cleve* liv'd a life that took
away

away all appearance she would ever return to Court : One part of the year she spent in the Religious House, and the other part at her own, but retyr'd, and imploy'd constantly in Exercises more holy than the severest Covents can pretend to : Her life, though short, having left us a multitude of examples of inimitable Vertues.

F I N I S.



*A Catalogue of B O O K S Printed for
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Folio.

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Quarto.

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Romish Doctrines not from the Beginning: or, A Reply to what *S. C.* or *Serenus Cressy*, hath objected against Dr. *Pierce's* Sermon, in vindication of our Church against the Noveltyes of *Rome*. By Dr. *Whitby*.

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Plays in *Quarto*.

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Plays written by Mr. *James Howard*.

All mistaken: or, The Mad Couple. A
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their Majesties Servants.

The *English Monsieur*. A Comedy, acted
at the Theatre Royal, by their Majesties Ser-
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